

JULY 29, 1865

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it prepares a Syrup and a Pate of Lettuce,

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and all chest affections. Syrup, 2s 6d.

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nothing finer can be produced. Their

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—Saturday, July 29, 1865

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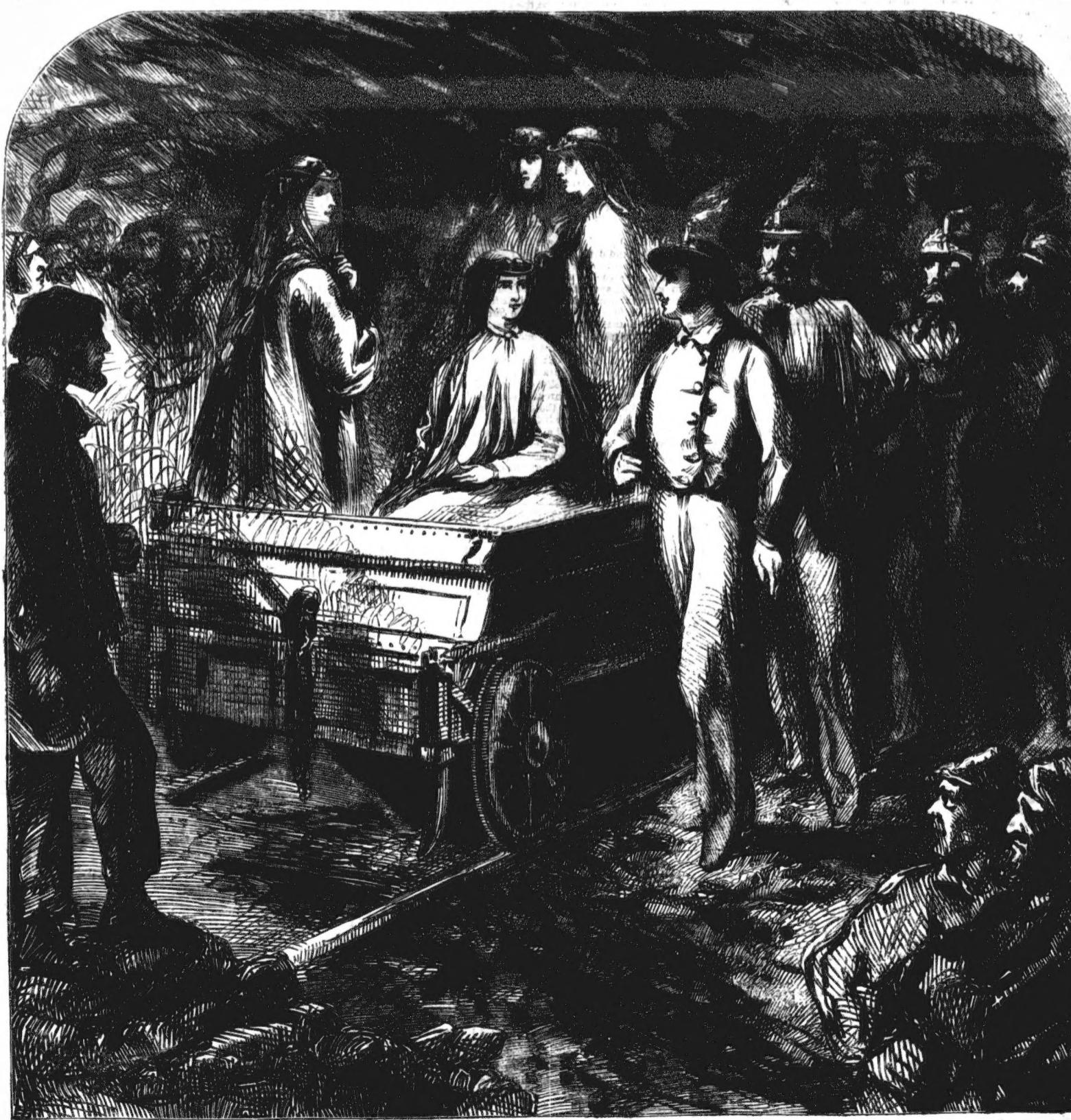
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 112.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN CORNWALL.—THE ROYAL PARTY PREPARING TO DESCEND THE TOTALLACK MINE.

## Notes of the Week.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

BETWEEN the hours of two and and six o'clock on Saturday morning a burglary was committed at Cambridge House, Piccadilly. The thieves obtained an entrance through the kitchen in the rear of the mansion, and ransacked some of the principal apartments. Some trinkets of value, a valuable seal (a gift to the late Viscount Melville from the Queen and Prince Consort), and other property of no great importance, were taken away from the library and drawing-room. Two silver teapots and sugar-tongs were carried away from the pantry by the thief or thieves, who overlooked a massive silver tray and some spoons. They made their escape by the area door fronting Piccadilly, and got clear off with their booty.

On Saturday morning information was received by the police that Mr. W. Gladstone, cashier to the firm of Shand and Trevors, East India merchants, while proceeding to the bank had been robbed of his bankers' note case, containing upwards of £1,055, with which the thief got clear away.

A FIRE broke out at an early hour on Saturday morning, in the factory of Mr. Sharpe, a cabinet-maker, in the Bethnal-green-road, which, with the surrounding dwellings, workshops, and stables, in South-street, Hart-lea, and Squires-street, covered about two acres of ground. People only partially dressed could be seen, with their children in their arms, rushing out of the different streets abutting upon the property. At the same time, furniture of every description was thrown out at the windows. The fire spread in all directions, and everywhere burst with great fury. The roof of Mr. Sharpe's premises at last fell with a loud crash. Although the nimost exertions were used by the firemen, it was not till six o'clock that the fire was entirely extinguished, after destroying and injuring about twenty houses.

On Sunday afternoon her Majesty Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands attended divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, accompanied by the venerable Lady Franklin and a lady in waiting. Queen Emma and her suite arrived at the cathedral shortly before the commencement of the service in a handsome carriage, on the doors of which was a royal crown—the servants being in a livery of green and gold. Prayers were chanted by the Rev. W. C. F. Webber, sub-dean, and the lessons read by the Rev. Minor Canon W. S. Simpson.

On Monday evening, Dr. Lankester held an inquiry at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, touching the death of Jesse Sugg, employed in Reid's brewery, he having died in the above institution under the following most remarkable circumstances:—The deceased, nineteen years of age, had formerly been a gardener, and for the last two years was employed in Messrs. Reid's brewery. He lodged in White Hart-passage, L'quorpond-street. A short time since he had suffered from diarrhoea, but went to business on Friday morning week, living well all day, going to bed at half-past six in the evening, and behaving in the most rational manner. At twelve o'clock he asked a fellow-lodger for some water, with which he was supplied, and in the morning at half-past three o'clock he was missed. Just before six o'clock, a man going to work on some buildings being erected in Tothill-street, in the above neighbourhood, saw deceased with only his shirt on in the cellar of the buildings, battering his head with a brick. He asked deceased what he was about, when the latter said he would kill him, and asked him to lend him a knife. A policeman was then sent for, who, on his arrival, saw deceased on the basement of the building, behind the parapet wall, knocking his head about with a brick. He took the brick from him and asked what he meant. Deceased replied "I mean to kill myself—I'm tired of my life." The constable asked him where his clothes were; deceased replying, "I don't know; somebody's got them at 3, White Hart-passage (deceased's lodgings)." On his removal to the hospital, it was found that his throat was cut, and the officer then returned to the buildings and found a shovel, the blade of which had blood upon it. In the same building the constable found a rope, fourteen or fifteen feet long, affixed to a beam hanging over the well-hole at the bottom of which deceased had been seen. There was a noose at the end of the rope with blood upon it. The constable's impression was that deceased, having cut his throat with the shovel, attempted to hang himself, but as the noose would not slip he was pitched down the well-hole on some loose bricks, where he was found, with one of which he battered his head. Mr. Alexander Busby, house-surgeon to the hospital, stated that the man died on Friday week. Witness thought he was labouring under a low form of delirium tremens. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from inflammation of the brain, accelerated by self-inflicted injuries while deceased was labouring under unsound mind."

COLOUR-SERGEANT-MAJOR JAMES JOLLY, No. 10 Company, 28th Regiment, at Belgian Barracks, Devonport, committed suicide in his room on Monday morning. He was dressed in his shirt and trousers, and was lying on his back in bed. Having fastened one end of a pocket-handkerchief to one of his toes, and the other end to the lock of his musket, he raised his chin, and placed the muzzle immediately under it. The top of his head was carried off, and the bullet passed through the head of the bed (sheet iron), and struck against the wall. At present no cause can be assigned for the rash act. Jolly was a native of Manchester, about thirty years of age, and unmarried. He was a sober, attentive officer, and was greatly esteemed in his regiment, which returned from India in March last.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A BOY.—On Saturday an inquest was held at Gateshead on a boy, named John Gilroy, aged sixteen. Thomas Morland Hetherington, a boy thirteen years of age, deposed: I recollect Tuesday week last when the deceased got hurt. In the afternoon of that day a number of my companions, among whom was the deceased, were looking over the railings of the cricket field. Deceased was on the railings, as if getting out of the field, when Mr. Eccles struck him with his umbrella on the back. The blow was not a hard one, nor likely to hurt him I thought. Mr. Eccles was also driving some other boys away, he being at the time within the cricket field. Gilroy, after being struck, caught his foot on the railing and fell forward; and I along with some other boys carried him some distance. I only went a short distance with him when he lay down on the grass. He appeared as if he was speechless. Neither Gilroy nor I had a right to be in the field at the time. I have had many harder raps at school than the one Gilroy got from Mr. Eccles. Hannah Gilroy: The deceased was brought home from the neighbourhood of the cricket field by his brother and another youth or two. He was insensible, and remained so all night. There were no marks of injuries except on the left side of his face. It was Wednesday night before he spoke. I have seen him several times a day since, and he has complained of internal pain, as well as injury to the back of his neck. He died on the 27th. Two surgeons have attended him up to the time of his death. I asked him about the accident, and he said Mr. Eccles came after him in the cricket field, and in getting over the railings he slipped his foot on the top and fell forward. He added that Mr. Eccles never touched him; and he was only afraid that gentleman would strike him. Mr. E. Bright Patten, assistant to Dr. Robinson, attributed the death of the deceased to the shock to the nervous system caused by a fall. Mr. Eccles was then called in, and made statement to the effect that he saw the deceased in the cricket field on the 11th instant, in company with a number of other boys. They had no business there, and he ran after them. The lads ran, and the deceased caught his foot in the railings and got an ugly fall. He never touched the deceased at all. The coroner summed up this evidence, and said to do not think there was any charge against Mr. Eccles. The jury at once returned a verdict in accord-

"The Emperor passes his time at Plombières," says the recent number of the *Paris Sport* "in the most complete calm. His Majesty receives scarcely any one; twice a day he descends on foot into the town, where several plans of embellishment are under consideration. On Friday the Emperor was present at a representation in the Plombières theatre, the performance consisting of the 'Piano de Berthe, Pour et Contre,' and the 'Mari de la Veuve.' His Majesty retired after the second piece. On Saturday the Emperor, accompanied by General de Beville, honoured the music promenade with his presence. On Sunday his Majesty heard mass at the church at half-past nine in the morning. In the evening, accompanied by his suite, he was present at a performance of sleight of hand given by M. de Gaston at the Casino."

The residence of the Count de Ch—, in the Parc des Princes, at Boulogne, near Paris, was recently the scene of a shocking tragedy. The count having given his porter, Charles W—, notice to leave, the latter, before quitting the house, went to his master to settle his accounts, and as he was insolent and appeared inclined to be violent, the count requested the countess, who was present, to send a servant for the police. She had hardly left the room when the porter rushed at the count, and attempted to stab him in the breast with a large kitchen-knife. Meanwhile the countess returned, and seeing what was passing shrieked out for help. A fierce struggle ensued, during which they both fell, and the count received four or five severe cuts with the knife. The ruffian then left his master and rushed at her, but fortunately the count was able to rise and succeeded in wresting the knife out of his hand. The porter then ran from the room to his lodges, where he seized a pistol which had been given him as a defence against robbers, and blew out his brains.

There is no doubt that the great maritime fêtes of this month will take place at Brest as well as Cherbourg. It appears that there has been a struggle for precedence between the two ports, but it has been settled that Cherbourg, as being the capital of the first maritime arrondissement, is to be the scene of the nautical celebration of the Emperor's fete day, August 15. The present programme is that Admiral Dagré's squadron, leaving Portsmouth as soon after August 12 as may be judged desirable, will arrive in Cherbourg Roads about three in the afternoon of the 14th, where it will be received by the Marquis de Chasselloup Laubat, Minister of Marine, who will be on board the corvette *Reine Hortense*, and Rear-Admiral de la Roncière de Noury. The Marquis de Chasselloup Laubat will pay a visit to the Lords of the Admiralty, who will return it immediately. On the 15th the two squadrons will execute grand manœuvres in the roads, and in the evening the town, the fort, and the ships will be illuminated; and there will be display of fireworks on the famous breakwater. On the 15th the Lords of the Admiralty, the admiral, and the officers of the British squadron will visit the arsenal and the marine establishments, where they will be received by the maritime prefect, Vice-Admiral Dupuy. On the 17th the English fleet, accompanied by the *Reine Hortense*, will leave Cherbourg for Brest, where it will be received by Vice-Admiral Bouet Willaumez, commanding the squadron of evolutions.

Out of the 2,000 people who are the estimated travellers between France and England daily by various routes not more than five per cent are Frenchmen. When a Frenchman returns from London he generally gives such a dolorful account of the city that nobody wants to go there, and when a Frenchman publishes his impressions about the extensive metropolis it is frequently a sort of warning to avoid London. A writer in the *Siecle* a few days since gave to the public in that journal his views and reflections on what he calls "the London season." Like most foreigners, he has seen all the worst and all the most absurd features of a bad city of all work and no pleasure; he has seen external London only. He has been shocked with the dirty appearance of the working classes; the anxious sadness of the expression of men's faces who are engaged in business. He has passed through streets of monotonous brick houses blackened with smoke; the atmosphere of London has made him sad. He has dined, it may be, with some discontented political exile, in the solemn sadness of a London tavern or bad restaurant, where he was found, with one of which he battered his head. Mr. Alexander Busby, house-surgeon to the hospital, stated that the man died on Friday week. Witness thought he was labouring under a low form of delirium tremens. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from inflammation of the brain, accelerated by self-inflicted injuries while deceased was labouring under unsound mind."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The screw steamer *Panama*, from Monte Video, arrived at Liverpool with news to the 24th ult. The Paraguayans had invaded Brazil with 7,000 men, and had taken San Borja. On the 15th General Panner was fifteen leagues beyond Eiquira. On the 11th the Paraguayans attacked the Brazilian fleet near Corrientes with a force of eight steamers and six gunboats, mounting 68 and 80-pounder guns, with the assistance of a battery of rifled guns and 2,000 men. The engagement lasted about nine hours, and resulted in the loss on the part of the Paraguayans of the admiral, who was killed, 1,700 officers and men killed, wounded, or missing, four steamers, and six gunboats; and on the part of the Brazilians of 300 officers and men, and one steamer. General Flores was to march on the day after the steamer left.

M. BOUCHET one of the principal founders of the French Jockey Club and a gentleman well known in Parisian society, is dead.

NEW THEATRE IN HOLBORN.—We learn that arrangements have now been completed for the erection of a theatre on the site of the old Warwick stables, Holborn. The new theatre will, it is expected, be opened at Christmas, under the management of Mr. Sefton Parry. Great attention will be paid to ventilation, and the architects consider the whole of the building could be cleared (in the event of a panic) within four minutes. The form of the theatre will be circular, the ceiling being slightly domed. The Lord Chamberlain has signified approval of the building in all its details.—*Building News*

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EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CHILD MURDER.—At Exeter Assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, Mary Jane Harris, aged 23, and Charlotte Winsor, 45, were placed at the bar on a charge of having murdered Thomas Edward Gibson Harris, on the 14th of February, at Torquay. The prisoners were not called upon to plead, as they were tried on this charge at the last assizes before Baron Channell. The jury were locked up on that occasion for several hours, but at twelve o'clock on a Saturday night, as they declared there was no chance of their agreeing upon a verdict, the learned baron discharged them, but ordered the prisoners to be detained in custody, to be again tried at the present assizes. All parties being agreed, it was resolved that the prisoner Harris, whose child the murdered one was, should give evidence. Her story, which was of the most extraordinary character, was as follows:—

In February last I was a servant at Mrs. Wansey's. I went there on the 12th of December last. Before that I lived thirteen weeks with Mrs. Gibson. I went to Mrs. Gibson's and was confined at her house on the 16th of October. I had the child registered as Thomas Edward Gibson Harris. It was a fine child. On the 12th of December the prisoner called on me, and we took the child to the prisoner's, having on the 10th of December made an arrangement with her to take care of it. I had previously been to two other persons to ask them to take care of it. It had three short frocks, two long ones, three shifts, two white petticoats, two flannel petticoats, and one pair of white socks. It had nothing for its head. I saw the child four times while it was at the prisoner's. As we were taking the child to the prisoner's, I said there had been one child picked up in the country. The prisoner said, "I wonder I had not got myself into it once before." She had put away one for a girl who was confined at her house, who had promised to give her £3, but she did not give it to her. I asked her how she did it. She said she put her finger under the jugular vein. She said she had stoned one three weeks old for Elizabeth Darwen and thrown it into Torbay, and when it was picked up it was nearly washed all to pieces; that she had put one away for her sister Poory, as her sister said she would give her £4. While her sister was staying at the house she directed a letter to be left at the Jolly Sailor for the father of the child, and she received a £5 note by return of post. She said she only gave her £2, but when her husband returned from sea she would make her a handsome present; but she had not done it. I then went on with her to her house and had tea. I asked her if she was not afraid. She said, "To —— with you; it's doing good," and she would help any one that would never split upon her. I was leaving, and she said, "I'll do whatever lies in my power for your child." I said, "All right," and went away. I saw my child fortnight after in Mrs. Wansey's kitchen. The prisoner brought it. She said if I would give her £5 she would do away with the child. I said I had not got £5 to give her. She asked me to give her a note to the father of the child. I said I could not do that. She said, "Get it anyhow else; I'll put them all by for thee, if they have forty." I said I should not do any such thing. She said she did, and I could do the same. The prisoner was there better than half an hour. She then went away. On Sunday, February 5, I saw the child at the prisoner's. I got there about half-past seven; they were in bed. I knocked at the bed-room window. She said, "Is that Mary?" I said, "Yes; I want to come in and see my child." She said, "My husband will let you in," and he let me in. I went into her bed-room; the child was in bed with her. She said, "I've made it all right with my husband; I shan't keep the child after the quarter." She said if I would give her the £5 she would do away with the child, and asked me if I would come over one day in the week and take away the child. I said she might if she liked. I asked her how she could do it. She said she could get something at the chemist's. On the 8th of February I asked leave to go out, but I went out on the 9th to the prisoner's, and got there at half-past three; the baby was tied in the chair, and the grandchild playing with it. The prisoner was sitting on a stool. After talking a little time she sent the little girl out. After she was gone the prisoner said she did not do it before I came out, because if I told on her I must tell on myself, for one would be as bad as the other. I said I would never tell if we were never found out. She asked me if she should do it. I asked her how she would do it? She said, "Put it between the bed ticks." She then took the child into the girl Pratt's bed-room. I did not go. She stayed ten minutes; then came back without the baby. She asked me to look in; she said it would soon die. I looked in, and saw the bed made, but no child. The child did not cry. The prisoner's husband came in, and asked, "Where's the boy?" She said her aunt had been and taken it away. He said, "Oh!" She brought him a pail and he fastened the handle. I asked him where he was going with the pail. He said up to the wood. He went away, and the prisoner said to me, "Did you hear the child cry?" I said, "No." She said, "I did, and I was afraid my husband would hear it." The girl Pratt came back and stayed a short time, but was sent out again by the prisoner to fetch some buns. The girl went out, and the prisoner said she must make haste, as her girl would soon be back. She went out of the room and came back with the baby. It was dead. She undressed it, and we went into the bedroom and opened a box. I took out the things it contained. She wrapped the child up in newspapers, and then she put it into the box. I put down the lid, and she locked it, and put the key into her pocket. Pratt came home, and the prisoner told her that Mary's aunt had been and taken away little Tommy, and put red socks on it. I had given her a piece of carpet, which is the one in which the child was found. I then made an engagement to meet the prisoner on the 14th at the Clarence Hotel, to go over around Paddington with the child. I did not meet her. I saw her on the 15th at Mrs. Wansey's. She came there with her little girl. She had a basket.

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AUG. 5, 1865.]

PENNY

were there; the little girl said you were." She said, "Yes, I was. I went to show her where you lived." I saw her again in the gaol, and I asked her if she did carry my child there, and she said, "I did."

In cross-examination the girl was pressed very severely on one point, respecting which she admitted that she admitted that the conversation concerning the murdering of children took place as they were going to her house, and yet she left her child with her and wished it to live. Farmer Nicholls, the father of the child, she added, allowed me something for the child, but not after it went to the prisoner's. I had had a few words with Nicholls, and had had 3s. 6d. a week for a previous child. I had known Nicholls seven years. I never had but those two children. I never took anything to procure abortion. The intercourse was carried on for six years and a half. Although the prisoner told me of so many murders, yet I trusted my child with her when the other refused to take it. I did not go into the bedroom to prevent it being killed, as she had filled my mind up, and I was led away by her. I used to go to church, but not after this had occurred. My conscience has induced me to speak the truth. I do not expect to be pardoned. I don't know what is to be done with me. The witness gave her evidence with great calmness, but her statement created the greatest sensation in a very crowded court. The prisoner sobbed bitterly when Mr. Carter stated that he should call Harris, and was detailing some facts of the evidence she would give. It evidently took her by the greatest surprise.

The medical evidence went to show that the symptoms exhibited in the child picked up were consistent with death having been caused by either exposure to cold or suffocation. In either case the symptoms would be much alike.

Mr. Carter then summed up the case for the prosecution, contending that the guilt of the prisoner had been established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Folard addressed the jury in defence of the prisoner Winsor, contending that it had not been clearly proved that the child found was the child of the woman Harris. The body, if murdered when found, was the child of the woman Harris. The body, if murdered when found, was the child of the woman Harris. The body found was not decomposed when found, seven days after. The body found was not decomposed in the least. This, he thought, proved beyond doubt that the child found was not the child of Harris. He thought the evidence of Harris should not be taken as truth, uncorroborated as it was in every particular.



## THE OLD AND NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.



LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE NEW CABLE, AT VALENTIA BAY, ON THE 23RD OF JULY.

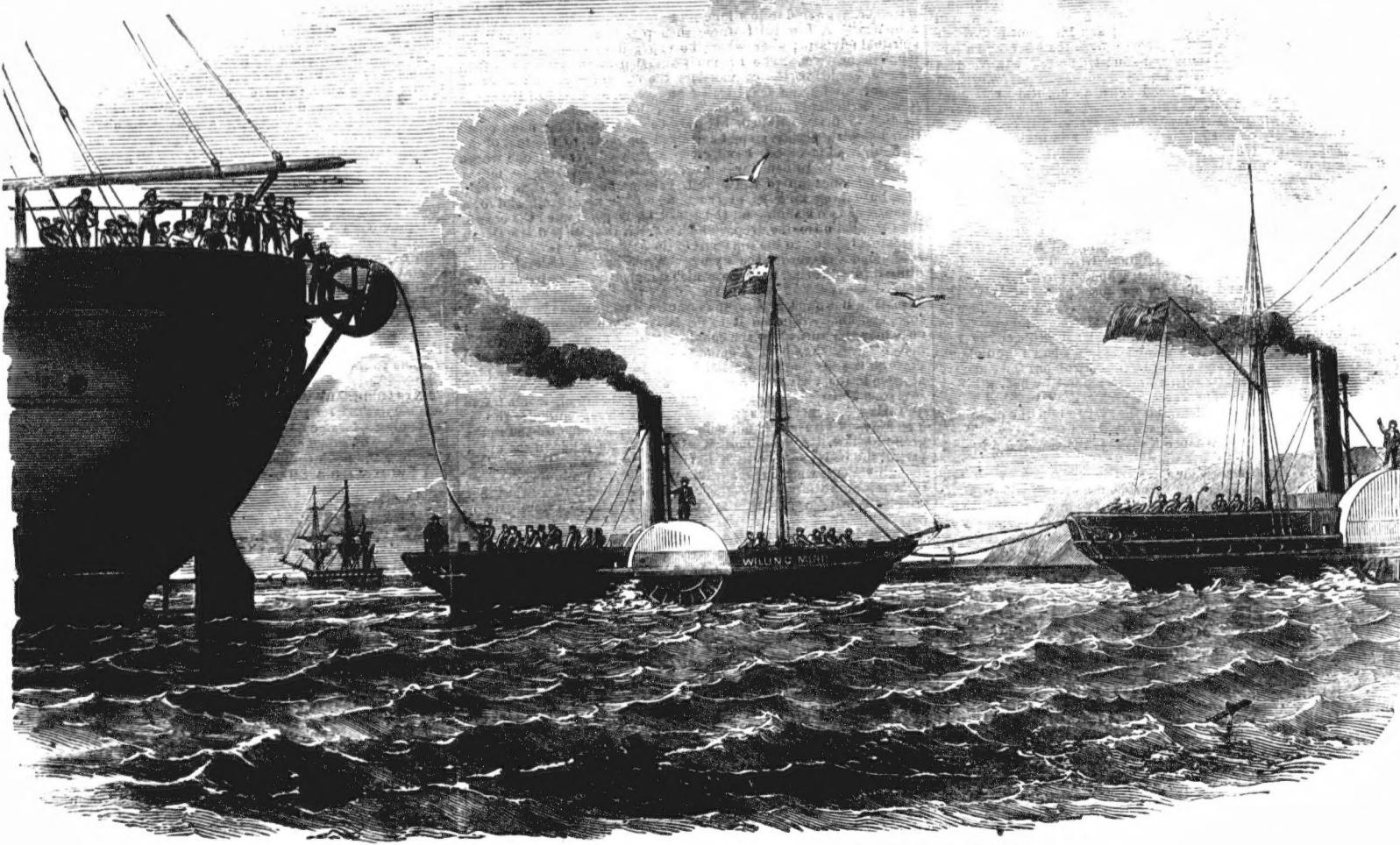
## THE ATLANTIC CABLE EXPEDITION.

A LETTER from Valentia gives the following account of the landing of the shore-end of the Atlantic cable at Valentia on the 23rd of July, an illustration of which will be found above.

"In Folkmurredum Bay there assembled between three and four hundred men, picked from the finest peasantry in Europe, and capable of Herculean labours if their capacity and willingness for work could have been safely tested by the capacity and recklessness with which they used their lungs. The Caroline got her mainmast unshipped, and was sent round on Thursday to Port Magee, which is the southern entrance to Valentia Harbour. Early in the morning, although the clouds lowered on the horizon, and the mist sailed densely over the mountain tops, and even kissed the higher

cliffs, the sea was calm and the wind very light, so the Caroline was backed into the bay above-named, and anchored so that her stern was about three hundred yards from the shore. High on each side rose the steep and bleeding cliffs of slate, blackened by exposure to the pitiless pelting of many an Atlantic storm; and in two places there wound down the face of the cliffs little zigzag paths made by the kelp gatherers. From either point, the bay presented a very pleasant picture soon after eight o'clock. And while the Caroline hardly moved to the gentle swell, the white steam floated lazily from her steam-pipe, and her decks were busy with energetic life. From right under her stern to the very shore there stretched two-and-twenty boats, from the smart cutter of the Great Eastern and the trim gig of the Coast-guard to the ordinary coast boat. Altogether there were some five and thirty boats engaged, and

there were, perhaps, eight or ten men in each boat. Here and there, from the stern, floated a bit of bunting; but for bunting, real or imitation, the place to look was the top of the cliff on the right. All the pocket handkerchiefs, and a good many of the brighter shawls of the countryside, had been pressed into service for the occasion; and the northern cliff was certainly very gay, while, in all directions, ragged but rosy children, who seemed to thrive on fresh air and potatoes better than London youngsters do on the squares and the fat of the land, ran about and kept nervous people in perpetual fidget lest they should roll over the precipitous cliffs, and become food for crabs. A London child going where they went would have been smashed to pieces in five minutes; but they were guided by a surer instinct, and their mothers saw them running about where the grass feathers over the verge of the cliffs



THE OLD CABLE TAKEN TO THE SHORE AT VALENTIA ISLAND.

AUG. 5, 1865.]

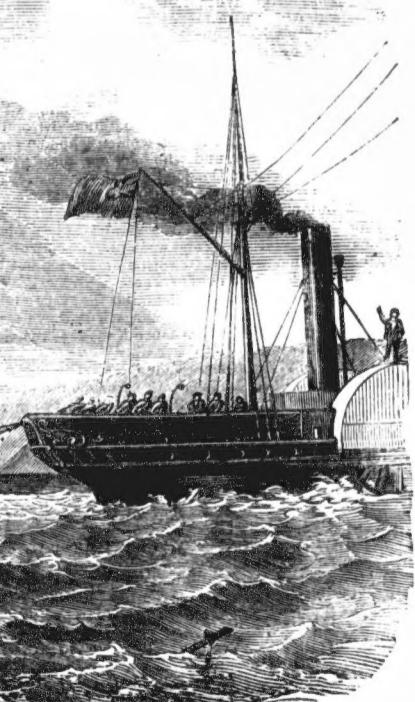


PAYING OUT THE OLD CABLE FROM THE U.S. VESSEL, NIAGARA. (See page 118.)

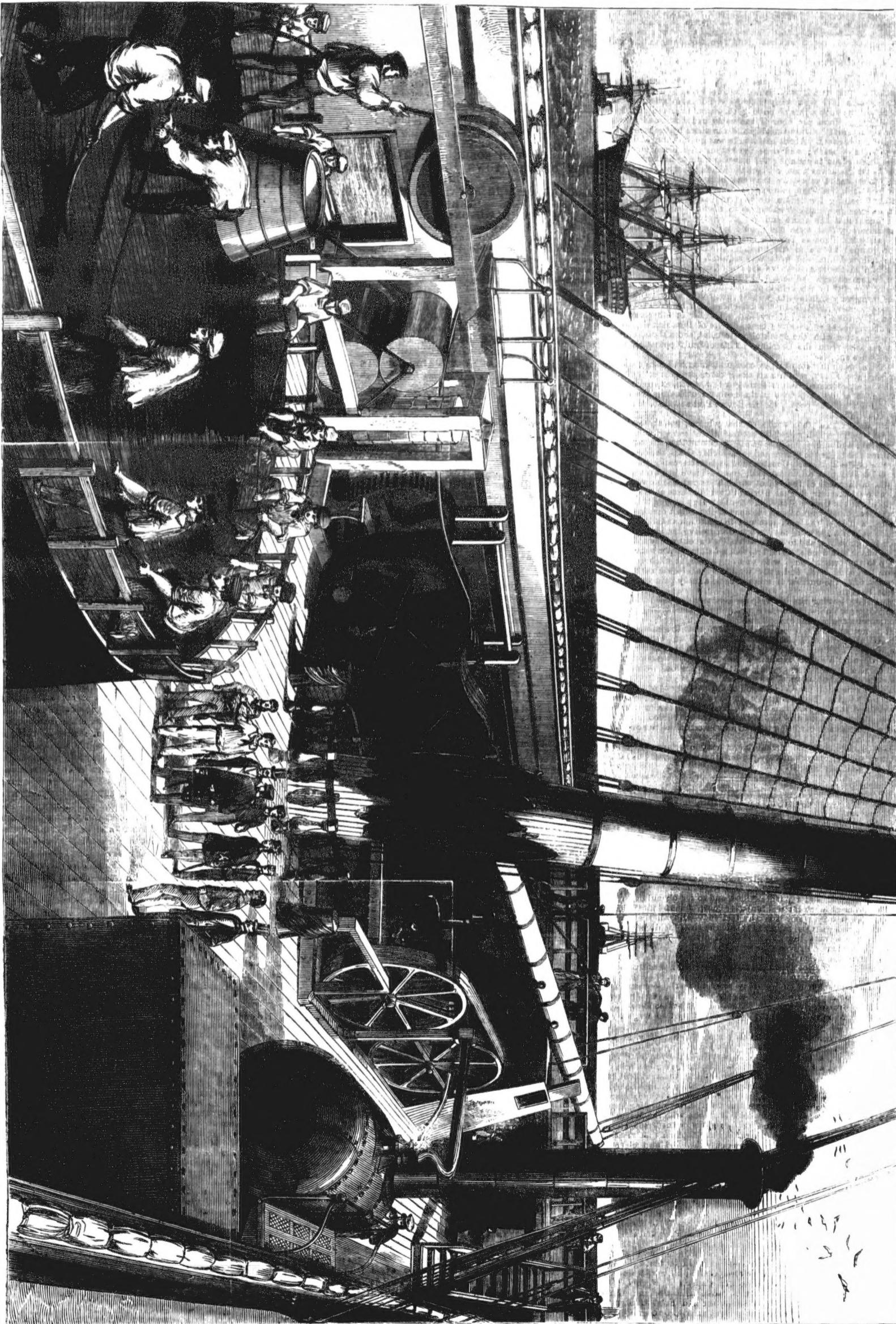


OF JULY.

haps, eight or ten men in each boat. Here and there, floated a bit of bunting; but for bunting, real place to look was the top of the cliff on the right. handkerchiefs, and a good many of the brighter untryside, had been pressed into service for the northern cliff was certainly very gay, while, fatigued but rosy children, who seemed to thrive on rotations better than London youngsters do on the fat of the land, ran about and kept nervous people at last they should roll over the precipitous cliffs, and for crabs: A London child going where they had been smashed to pieces in five minutes; but they a surer instinct, and their mothers saw them run over the grass feathers over the verge of the cliffs



PAYING OUT THE OLD CABLE FROM THE U.S. VESSEL, NIAGARA. (See page 118.)



without betraying the least fear for their safety. Up the face of the cliff, in the loose earth which had fallen from above, and perhaps for a few inches into the soft slate, there was scraped a trench, and this trench was cut about two feet deep in the half-dozen yards or so that form the beach of the bay. Then, the thick end of the cable, being passed over the sternmost wheel of the Caroline's paying-out machinery, which is that of the Great Eastern on a small scale, though with a larger groove in the wheel, was hauled ashore by a rope to which a hundred men laid what they perhaps would have called all their strength. At such a rate of pulling they would certainly not have got ashore an inch per hour if the cable had not been lightened over the interval between the ship and the shore by the men in the procession of boats. About half a mile was got on shore and coiled down on the beach; and once the enthusiastic Kerry men, who were more given to shouting and cheering than to hauling, having heard that there was a mark where the hauling ashore was to cease, came to a piece of rope-yarn that had been caught in the twist of the wire, and, Irish-like, jumping to conclusions, the half of them, without waiting for orders, dropped the cable overboard. This caused some delay, and it was close to noon when a great cheer announced that the shore end was all ready. Just before this it was necessary that some one should go into the water, and immediately Mr. Thomas Temple, one of Mr. Canning's engineering staff, jumped in up to his neck, and, with the help of a man who followed him, did what was required. And then the cable was laid in the trench above spoken of, and was hauled up the cliff, where enough had been laid in another trench dug from the face of the cliff to the Telegraph operating-house, the regiment of men being very enthusiastic, and shouting very much more than seemed necessary. Here, in the presence of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Hay, the Knight of Kerry, and a number of other more or less distinguished persons, the central wires of the thick shore end were connected with the speaking instrument, and a signal sent to and received from the Caroline. This difficult operation was, therefore, a success.

"Then, when the step in the communication had been secured, the Knight of Kerry, who has all along taken the greatest interest in the work, addressed to the throng a few words, expressing his satisfaction at the auspicious commencement of laying the cable. He called for three cheers for Sir Robert Peel and three more for the Atlantic cable.

"Sir Robert Peel then spoke of the political, social, and commercial benefits which would be secured if the cable should prove successful; and after invoking the aid of Divine Providence, called for three cheers for the Queen and three for Mr. Glass, the managing director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company. Mr. Glass said that all human skill could achieve had been applied to the furtherance of the object which he hoped was now near its consummation. Sir R. Peel having called for three cheers for the President of the United States, and the Doxology having been sung, Mr. Glass formally announced the success of the test that had been just applied, and then the men returned to the beach and filled up the trench in which the cable lay. Soon after twelve the Hawk arrived from Knightstown, and towed the Caroline out of the bay to lay the cable which was done at about two and a half miles per hour.

Up to the present time, with one or two slight hitches, all appears to go on well, and daily we have the electric current informing us of the number of miles of cable already paid out of the Great Eastern.

And now, leaving the big ship on her way, we will turn to the illustrations which we take the opportunity of introducing in connexion with the present expedition.

It is not so long ago, viz., August, 1857, that the failure of the last Atlantic cable took place, and on page 116 we give a view of the Willing Mird tug conveying the cable from the Niagara to the shore opposite Valentia Island. From the above description, it will be seen, from the engraving, that the operations were much the same on that occasion.

The next is a full page illustration of the laying out of the cable from the Niagara (page 117); and on page 120 another large engraving of the Niagara and the Agamemnon in the memorable storm which overtook the two vessels in the expedition of 1857; and which was so near being fatal to all concerned in the cable on board those vessels.

Let us hope that no similar storm may overtake the Great Eastern on her important voyage; but that all may end as satisfactorily as it has begun.

## General News.

The annual return from the Divorce Court, published in the volume of "Judicial Statistics" just issued, states that in the year 1864 there were 281 petitions for dissolutions of marriage, and sixty-six for judicial separation, and that since the establishment of the court at the beginning of the year 1858, 2,137 petitions have been filed, and 1,207 judgments given. There are a few other items in the returns not of the deepest interest—the exact number of answers, replies, and rejoinders filed, and so forth; but one item that would be of much interest is always conspicuous by its absence. Strange as it may seem, it is the fact that with all the figures annually given in this return in relation to suits for divorce, this one thing is always thought not worth giving—the number of marriages that are dissolved by year.

An extraordinary match of carrier-pigeons has recently taken place at Brussels. Not less than 538 of these winged messengers, which had been sent to Toulouse for the purpose, were released there at half-past four on Saturday morning last, to contend for prizes amounting in number to eighty-two. The first pigeon arrived in Brussels in fourteen hours. The distance being 300 leagues it must have flown at the speed of twenty-two leagues an hour.

PRINCE NAPOLON arrived in Liverpool on Saturday in his yacht, and visited various places of local interest.

On Saturday, a large party of Japanese, sent over by Prince Satsuma, to gain a knowledge of the agriculture and manufactures of Great Britain, paid a visit to the Britannia Ironworks, at Bedford. They were accompanied by Professor Williamson, of the London University, by the Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Glasgow University, and other eminent scientific men. After spending about three hours at the works, they took luncheon with the Mayor of Bedford (Mr. J. Howard), and proceeded to witness the steam ploughing on Messrs. Howard's farms, at Clapham. A reaping machine which was at work was quickly handled and cleverly managed by them. They subsequently visited Biddulph, for the purpose of viewing Mr. Charles Howard's celebrated short-horns and sheep; and, after dining with the mayor, they left for London by the last train, expressing their unbounded delight at what they had seen.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Frederick Peel, which took place on Sunday evening, at Highgate, near Pinner. The deceased, who was the daughter of Mr. John Shelly, of Avington, was married in 1857 to the Right Hon. Frederick Peel, and she was in her twenty-seventh year at the time of her death.

TUESDAY was the sixty-seventh anniversary of the battle of the Nile. Five British veterans who were engaged in the fight still survive—viz., Admiral Sir J. A. Gordon, G.C.B., then midshipman, now governor of Greenwich Hospital; Captain J. Forbes, then midshipman; Captain J. S. Phillips, then midshipman; Commander R. L. Connolly, then midshipman; and First Lieutenant John Scobell, who was then of his present rank, promotion of any kind having singularly passed him by.

TWO COLOURED PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,  
and a View of SANDRINGHAM HALL,  
will be published, on August 9th, with No 64 of  
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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

H. W. L. B.

D.	S.	Her Majesty visited Cherbourg, 1858	... 0 15	A. M. P. M.
5	S	Eighty Sun after Trinity—Prince Alfred b. 1844	1 7	1 30
6	M	Queen Caroline died, 1821	1 51	2 13
7	T	W. Canning died, 1827	2 84	2 55
8	W	Sun rises, 4n. 38m.; sets, 7h. 32m.	3 16	3 38
9	F	Madagascar discovered, 1506	3 59	4 19
10	F	Dog days end...	4 89	5 0
11	F	Moon's Changes—Full moon, 7th, 5h. 29m. a.m.		

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

1 Kings 18; Acts 4. 1 Kings 17; Heb. 9.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

6th, Transfiguration of our Lord; 7th, Name of Jesus; 10th, St. Lawrence, Archdeacon of Rome, and martyr (A.D. 258)

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM.—The marriage of the Infant Don Francis de Asis and the Queen of Spain, and the Due de Montpensier and the Infanta Dona Luisa Fernanda, were celebrated on the 10th of October, 1858. These marriages were made up by Louis Philippe, and the confidences took place in the Chateau d'Auvergne, some time in 1843.

F. G.—Greenwich Hospital was founded in 1698, for disabled sailors.

HOBART T.—The Adelphi Theatre was sold to Terry and Yates in 1855, and after Terry's secession Yates was joined by Charles Mathews the elder.

E. T.—The crest of three ostrich plumes, and the motto *Ich dien* (I serve), was first worn by the Prince of Wales, after the battle of Orossey, in 1846.

CHARLES.—Edmund Keen last performed at Covent Garden in 1853.

A. Z.—The London Stone, now in St. Swithin's Church in Cannon-Street, is supposed to have been the *miarum* of the Romans, from which they measured distances to their several stations throughout Britain.

SOMMER—Bethlem Hospital is a royal foundation, incorporated with Bridewell, and it was granted to the City by Henry VIII for the cure of lunatics. It was long situated on the south side of Moorgate.

ROSALINE.—Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, made her first appearance at Drury Lane in 1795.

HERBERT.—We believe you can obtain the information you want by writing to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

T. B.—The quarter day in Scotland are Calendas, February 2; Whitsunday, May 15; Lammas, August 1; and Martinmas, November 11. These are the terms taken in leases.

JUNIOR.—In ancient times the clergy in England were a very powerful body. The abbots, priors, and canons were, with the exception of the king, and not excepting the barons, the greatest men in the country.

Some of them were endowed with great civil as well as ecclesiastical power. Throughout their districts, they were over all cases and all persons supreme. An oath of fealty and homage was administered to every tenant, to bear true allegiance to them against all men, except the king. They had the power, in their criminal courts, over life and death.

They had the control over the military establishments, and every mesne lord was bound to contribute his quota of armed men at their summons.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

IV, according to the old proverb, cleanliness ranks next to godliness, the Duke of Somerset's administration at the Admiralty will be handed down to posterity as almost sanctifying to the navy. Hitherto, afloat with our sailors as well as on shore with our soldiers, any washing beyond that of hands and face has been looked upon as quite a work of supererogation. In vain have medical men pointed out how conducive to good health in all parts of the world, and how absolutely essential in many countries, is a daily ablution of the whole person. With the higher ranks—the commissioned officers, midshipmen, and so forth—in both services, the daily "tub" is as common as the morning breakfast. Whatever clean English gentleman may be, he is seldom otherwise than clean, and when he either joins his regiment or his ship his habits follow him. But with the blue jackets it is otherwise. There was little or no use teaching Jack how pleasant and healthy it is to feel clean and well washed, for even if he acknowledged the truth of what you said, he never could put the theory into practice. The fault was not his. If he would, even, he could not wash—at least, not beyond the conventional outside cleanliness, which was like the painting of the sepulchre white. This excuse will not now hold good. The Lords of the Admiralty have just issued an order, by which they direct that "every facility for personal washing which circumstances will admit of should be afforded to the crews of her Majesty's ships"—"and that suitable places are to be set apart for the purpose, fitted with canes to prevent the escape of water, and screens, so arranged as to roll up when not in use."—"Moorsie baths" also

are to be provided, which, with the men's tubs, will be sufficient, unless in certain cases it may be thought advisable to fix permanent baths; and, in frigates, &c., when the space will admit of it, tables may be fitted for basins on the main decks." . . . Further, "a supply of water, hot and cold, from proper taps fixed in convenient places in the bath-room is to be laid on, and fresh water, when practicable, is to be issued." What would naval officers of the old school say to this? What in their day would have been considered a despicable piece of effeminacy in a post-captain or admiral has now found its way "forward," and is ordered to be provided for the ordinary seamen. With them cleanliness was very much a relative virtue. "We have all heard the story of the French lady who, when told that her hands were dirty, replied, "Ah! if you only saw my feet!" and on board ship, in the good old days before steam had found its way into the navy, the same answer might have been given with truth given by many a sailor, even of the higher ranks. But now, "fitting times are to be appointed," says the order, "for personal washing, which is to form part of the daily routine; and during the evening hours of relaxation the bath-room is to be open for the use of those who may desire it." It is to be true that the strength of a navy lies chiefly in the crews which man its ships, and that sailors, like other men, are useful in proportion as they are healthy, there has never been issued a more sensible order than this.

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AUG. 5, 1865.]

The Court.

The Queen will travel on the Continent under the title of the Duchess of Lancaster. The cutter has been given to understand that it will be agreed to be received with any marked ceremony royal family at Belgium, now at Ostend, and proceed with the Queen to Lucken, where to visit the King of the Belgians.

The Queen, after visiting the King of the Belgians, will travel via Brussels to Cologne, and the Kranichstein near Darmstadt, on a visit to Prince Louis. Her Majesty will proceed to August, thence to Coburg for the inauguration of the Prince Consort. Lord Granville will accompany her Majesty during her journey, many will extend over four weeks, when the Queen will return to Windsor Castle, to stay for a day, and leave about the middle of September.

The Court will return to Windsor at the end of October for the winter season. The Queen is getting into readiness to start over the Princess and Princess of Hesse, who will accompany her Majesty, to return with the Queen and royal family to the 9th of August.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSBURY.

The weather—that unfailing subject, if land—was the means of confining the whole within the limits of the subscription—considering the universal epidemic of all the diseases of necessity racing men, the setting out the whole process nothing beyond the trials transpired:

ST. LEGER.—Even agst Count Lagrange off.

DERBY.—1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Naylor's 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lytton's 1,000 to 100 agst Mr. Cathcart's Blue Riband (1); 1,000 to 200 by St. L'Etat—Midsummer (1); 1,000 to 100 agst Belize (1); 10,000 to 100 agst Marquess of St. Michael (1); 10,000 to 100 agst Marquess of the Crescent (1).

FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.

[From *Le Follet*.] We have at last the satisfaction of informants that eccentric costumes lately so much in vogue, to be replaced by elegant and lady-like fashions. Within a few weeks it has been the fashion to wear materials, made in the most remarkable manner, to attract attention, no matter how incongruous the toilette. So many ladies adopted this we began to despair of their ever returning good taste.

The fashion of making promenade toilettes up over very short petticoats is now still worn looped up, certainly, but far as to admit of being lowered if required, so made when intended for morning wear over which they are fastened

which, with the men's tubs, will be sufficient, it may be thought advisable to fit permanent . . . , &c., when the space will admit of it, tables on the main decks." . . . Further, "a hand cold, from proper taps fixed in convenient rooms to be laid on, and fresh water, when needed." What would naval officers of the old What in their day would have been considered seamanship in a post-captain or admiral has now . . . , and is ordered to be provided for the men with whom cleanliness was very much a relative heard the story of the French lady who, when were dirty, replied, "Ah! if you only saw my ship, in the good old days before steam had the navy, the same answer might have been many a sailor, even of the higher ranks. But were to be appointed," says the order, "for persons to form part of the daily routine; and hours of relaxation the bath-room is to be open who may desire it." If it be true that the men chiefly in the crews which man its ships, and our men, are useful in proportion as they are never been issued a more sensible order than

the Winsor, at Exeter, and her condemnation order of a child, brought forth facts, which how- stence may have been suspected, were astounding—indeed immemorial—rumours have pre- side is a crime prevalent in this country to an side and that only a small proportion of the cases accidents constantly crop up justifying the sus- also occasionally whispered that there were haged hood by concealing the early sins of young girls life and sight their miserable offspring. How practice has prevailed it would be the merest but one, at any rate, of these professional as- sought to judgment after revelations of horror human credit. Mary Jane Harris, a young October a child had been born, the burden to have become insupportable, as regarded character, and means. The friend who had she bargained, guessing that the girl's resources and, impatient of profit, herself suggested the contemplation of which, however, the youthful in the first instance particularly appalled. Yet exclusively suggested by her statement, because else opening a conversation by remarking, "There already picked up in the country;" to which her— they bearing the doomed innocent in their arms I had not got myself into it once before;" but had not then been matured is shown by the clothes provided for the baby. But the elder in the younger natural accomplice who would in betraying her fearful secrets by being easily a sentiment she afterwards expressed—began at veil from the hideous trade in which she dealt—ants. One had been born in the cottage, and she her finger, the parent being dishonest enough to the performance, and omitting to pay. Another or Elizabeth Sharland," and thrown into Torbay, recovered a mass of mutilation. A third she had £5 to serve her own sister. These bargains, re- of the Ghouls in Eastern fables, were sometimes course of personal interviews, and sometimes by cor- the ghastliness of the narrative is such that were woman living in Devonshire, now lying waiting to ter, in testimony that an English judge and jury perfect truth, we might be justified in professing by incredulous. That such a traffic should be our country, and our time, is a discovery which, at literally shocks all belief. The two monsters were listener not less than the reciter; they were "circular in their discussions; they were so utterly of tenderness for the little being, even then at the human nature is fairly astonished.

**DROWNING.**—Two gentlemen were bathing a few including Bay, near Little Ormehead, when suddenly found himself being carried away by the tide. He, and a number of persons soon flocked to the shore, unsuccessful attempts were made to reach the drowning length. Mr. Balston, a Manchester merchant, dashed with a cord round his body, the other end being At length he reached the exhausted bather, but man who had charge of the cord had let the shore no help, therefore, was to be locked for from that Balston, holding the bather by one arm, struck out shore, but had not made much progress when his and him with the grip of a drowning man, and both Mr. Balston got free with some difficulty, and both but, his subsequent efforts to serve the unfortunate attended with similar results—the grip on the one struggle to get released on the other. At length the stopped, but Mr. Balston was in such a condition from a few minutes it appeared as if life were extinct, ever, restored to consciousness, and with the man had so gallantly saved conveyed to a hotel, where recovered from the effects of the terrible struggle in been engaged.

**Mornan.**—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children has been in use in America over thirty years, and very liked by medical men, is now sold in this country, with on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all the child, and gives it rest; softens the gaze, will relieve wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and readied for dyspepsia or diarrhoea, whether arising other causes. The face simile of "Curtis and Perkins, New York," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at London depot, 205, High Holborn.—[Advertisement.]

## The Court.

The Queen will travel on the Continent *incognita*, and under the title of the Duchess of Lancaster. The authorities in Belgium have given to understand that it will be agreeable to her Majesty to be received with any marked ceremonial on landing. The royal family at Belgium, now at Ostend, will, however, be present, and proceed with the Queen to Laken, whither her Majesty goes to visit the King of the Belgians.

The Queen, after visiting the King of the Belgians at Laken, will travel via Brussels to Cologne, and thence to the Chateau de Kranichstein, near Darmstadt, on a visit to the Princess Alice and Prince Louis. Her Majesty will proceed, at the latter end of August, thence to Coburg for the inauguration of the monument to the Prince Consort. Lord Granville will be the minister who will accompany her Majesty during her journey. Her sojourn in Germany will extend over four weeks, when the Queen and royal family will return to Windsor Castle, to remain there for a few days only, and leave about the middle of September for Scotland.

The Court will return to Windsor at the latter end of the month of October for the winter season. The royal yacht Victoria and Albert is being got in readiness to start on Tuesday next to bring over the Prince and Princess of Hesse, who are coming to visit her Majesty, to return with the Queen and royal family to Germany on the 9th of August.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The weather—that unfailing subject, if not drawback, in England—was the means of confining the whole of the members assembled within the limits of the subscription-room on Monday. Considering the universal epidemic of all the world being out of town, and of necessity racing men, the settling was very fair, but throughout the whole process nothing beyond the following few transactions transpired:

St. Leger.—Even agst Count Lagrange's Gladiator (1 and off).

Derry.—1,000 to 80 agst Mr. Mayor's Monarch of the Glen (1); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Sutton's Lord Lyon (1); 1,000 to 25 agst Mr. Cathcart's Blue Bazaar (1); 1,000 to 20 agst Hon. S. Hawke's colt by Nicewell—Midsummer (1); 1,000 to 20 agst Mr. Merry's Beelzebub (1); 10,000 to 100 agst Marquis of Bute's Knight of St. Michael (1); 10,000 to 100 agst Marquis of Exeter's Knight of the Crescent (1).

### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

[From *Le Follet*.]

We have at last the satisfaction of informing our readers that the eccentric costume lately so much in vogue are rapidly disappearing, to be replaced by elegant and lady-like toilettes. For the past few weeks it has been the fashion to wear the most peculiar materials, made in the most remarkable manner—anything so as to attract attention, no matter how incongruous the articles forming the toilette. So many ladies adopted this manner of dressing that we began to despair of their ever returning to anything approaching good taste.

The fashion of making promenade toilettes with the skirts fastened up over very short petticoats is now totally discarded; they are still worn looped up, certainly, but fastened in such a manner as to admit of being lowered if required. Walking dresses are only so made when intended for morning wear, and then the petticoats over which they are fastened are only a few inches from the ground.

For toilette de visite, the dresses are never worn thus shortened, as the style of having one skirt looped over another must not be confounded with the dress looped over petticoat; as when the dress is made in the manner we have just described, the underskirt is cut quite to the full length, and forms a train at the back.

Morning toilettes are generally made *en suite*—that is, dress, pelerin, and petticoat of the same; the three being, of course, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A body of foulard, alpaca, or muslin is generally worn under the pelerin. Nevertheless, there always is a body of the same material, in case of the pelerin being required without sleeves. These pelerins are generally made with the sleeves to hook on to the armhole, the fastening being concealed by an epaulette, in case of the white body being desired underneath; as the different sleeve showing through the armhole of the cloak is only considered suitable for very young girls.

Morning dresses are made in any light material, such as mohair, pellon, or chevrons, alpaca, and foulard. The last-mentioned material is still in great request for toilettes of all kinds, as there are so many different patterns and qualities that it can be adapted for any style or make. When made in the materials we have mentioned, the cloak is of the pelerin form, half-sitting, or quite tight, and is worn quite short, and generally accompanied by a hood.

Blue is a very fashionable colour, though only suited to delicate complexions and fair hair. We see many blonds dressed in blue, literally from head to foot, the very gloves being blue; but this has rather a heavy effect. When the gloves are a pretty gray or stone colour, the ensemble is much more elegant.

For ladies with dark hair, maize is a very fashionable and becoming colour. Our dark-hair elegantes (among which are included many of the most *distinguise*) are wearing straw hats of the brigand Diana shape, edged with black velvet, and trimmed with maize and black feathers or flowers. One that especially attracted our attention had rather a high crown, and the borders, slightly pointed both back and front, were bound with black velvet; a plain tulip scarf was tied loosely round, the ends drooping behind. In the front was a bunch of yellow roses, and small black grapes with frosted leaves. The scarf was placed over some of those flowers and under the others. With this hat was a drab veil, spotted and trimmed with straw.

The Fanchon and Detan bonnets are still the favourites. Some of the Empire bonnets, with the high crown and stiff curtain, seem to have been invented as a warning to show how ugly things can be if carried to excess; when of a moderate shape, they are rather pretty. Certainly the chignon, being worn so much higher than formerly, requires a peculiar shaped bonnet, but many of the Fanchon shape are made so as to accommodate the fashion.

As to the different ways of dressing the hair it is impossible to describe a hundredth part of their number; we can only refer our readers to the fashionable coiffures and the fashion plates.

The parasols are more elegant than ever, the handles being very richly ornamented, and the body made of either silk or satin richly bound, or covered with lace.

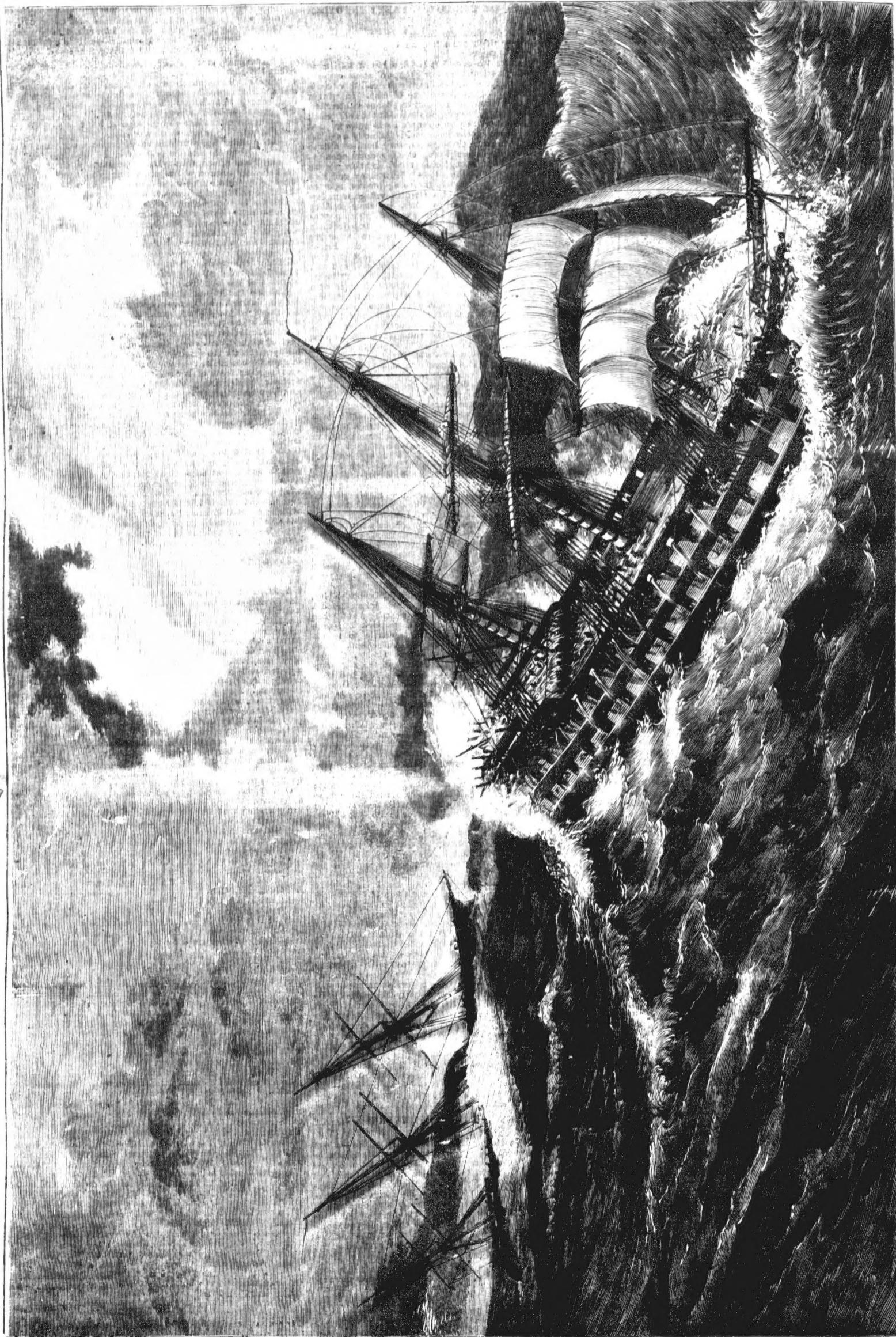
White is very much in favour for toilettes of all kinds. The white alpaca dresses and cloaks, so much in vogue a month ago, have become quite common at all places of fashionable resort, and have therefore been discarded by those ladies who do not care to continue a style after it has been adopted by the mass. White foulards, with coloured flounces or patterns, and white muslin richly embroidered, or trimmed over coloured slips, are substituted for alpacas.

The foulards with coloured patterns make very elegant dresses when trimmed with coloured ruffles, or bands of Orlay lace, over ribbon. For ladies of a more advanced age they are made with silk or chenille fringes, and tassels of passementerie. The silk girdle cords make a very pretty and simple trimming for a young lady's dress.

### THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN CORNWALL—DESCENT OF THE ROYAL PARTY INTO THE BOTALLACK MINE.

The following letter describes the descent of the Prince and Princess of Wales into the above mine, an engraving of which will be found in our first page.

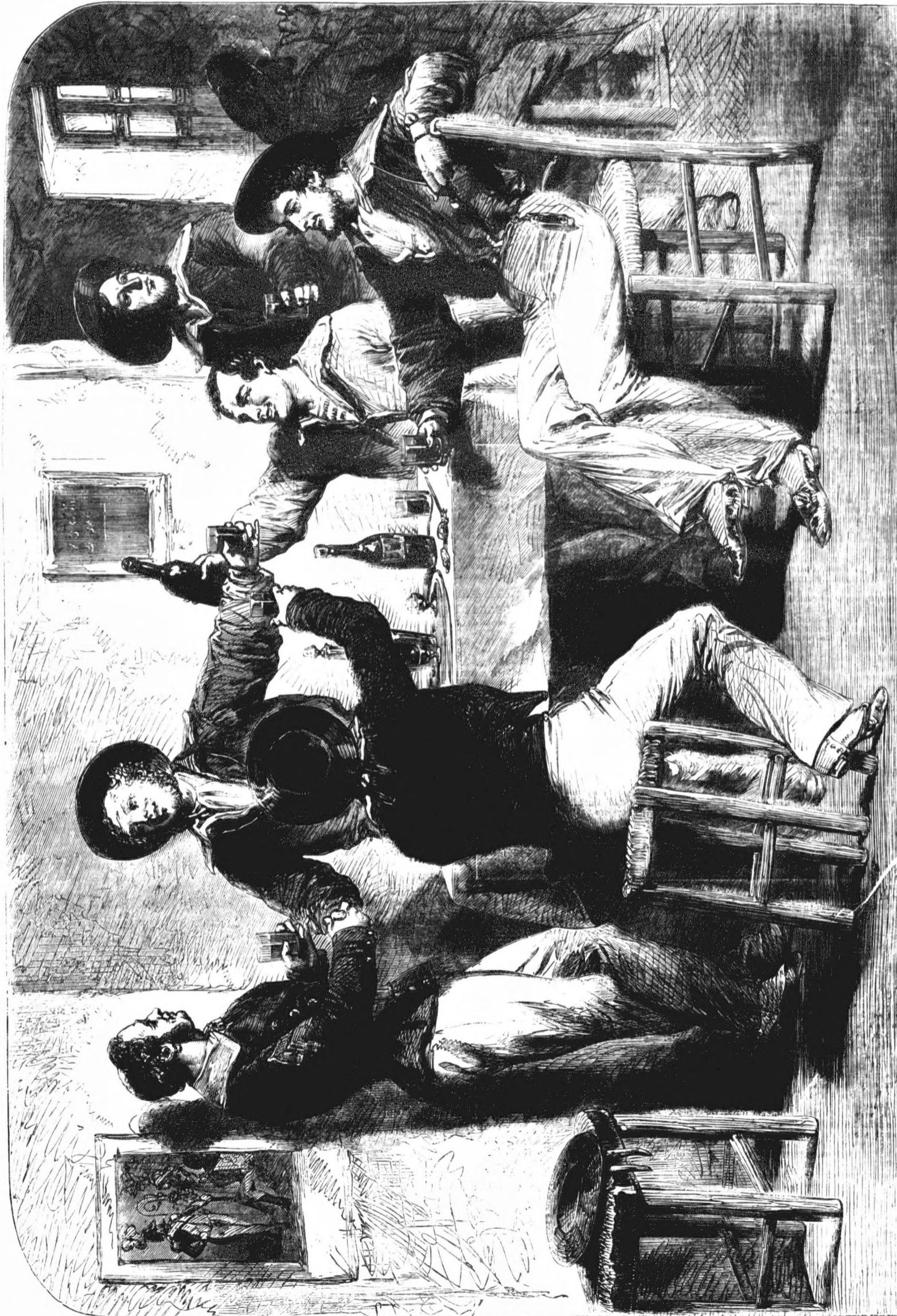
"In leaving Penzance we have left the last human settlement worthy the name of a town, and the few groups of stone cottages or huts from this to the Land's-end can hardly be called villages. You may drive for miles and not see the face of man. In winter, the loneliness of these hills and plains must be piteous and terrible. They have a savage beauty, however, at the present time of year; and the weather to-day has been so splendid as to show them at their best. On the road to Botallack we could distinctly make out the Scilly Isles on the horizon, putting a shadowy limit of hills to the broad bright expanse of sunlit sea. Coming down upon the coast, we have the mine and its engines in view; and now we are threading the stone village of the mines. How many and how sharp are the turns we make in this threading process, may be imagined when the configuration of a Cornish village is understood. The cottages are placed by ones, by twos, and by threes, anywhere and anyhow. This gives a pleasing uncertainty to the turnings; and as there is no footpath distinguished from the carriage-way, it behoves a driver to be careful. The four-horsed barouche of the Prince and Princess of Wales was brought to a stoppage at every corner; but at last it was got through the labyrinth, and was drawn past a low stone house, of much better appearance than its neighbours, with yellow lichen on its grey walls and roof, and with the date 1665 on the front that overlooked a prim little garden. This house belongs to Mr. Stephen Harvey James, purser and general superintendent of Botallack Mine. There is another house of civilised as well as picturesque aspect nearer the works. It is the counting-house; and on the present occasion it is fitted up for the reception of the Prince and Princess and their party. A volunteer guard of honour is formed outside, and there is a pretty large muster of Cornish folk from all the surrounding parts of the country. There being no possibility of describing the scene, I will make the attempt, as the mere failure will perhaps be usefully suggestive. The headland of Botallack, to begin with, is a not less fearful headland than may be found on the whole line of this wild, savage, inaccessible coast. It is rock upon rock, precipice upon precipice, Oss upon Fenton, and another Fenton upon that, with a crown of crags above all. Get a neat woodcut picture of the mine, or a vignette engraving, or even a photograph, if you would have all the terrors of the actual scene nicely smoothed out of your fancy. The engine-house is built out upon a rock, separated by a horrible span from the main cliff, down whose tremendous side heavy machinery and building materials had to be lowered 200 feet. There is another engine-house half-way up the height, and yet another on the summit. The descent of the mine is by an inclined plane of from thirty-two to thirty-four degrees from the horizontal, the wagons being lowered on a tramway by means of a wire rope and winch. The adventurous explorers of Botallack mine to-day were divided into parties—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth St. Aubyn, and Lady de Grey being first inducted into the bowels of the earth by Mr. James. Previous to their descent, amid loud cheering, a general change of dress was effected at the counting-house. All the ladies wore long white flannel cloaks, tightly trimmed with blue, and jannet little hats, fashioned somewhat on the miner's model. The costume was quaint, but not at all unbecoming; and when they issued from the counting-house they looked like a band of penitents, except that they were unable to restrain themselves from laughing. The Prince, Duke of Sutherland, Duke of St. Albans, Lord Vivian, Earl of Mount Cashel, General Knollys, Mr. St. Aubyn, Mr. John St. Aubyn, and the rest, wore flannel ruffs not unlike those of cricketers; some few had their heads bound with white flannel, which gave them a rather Oriental appearance; and all, whether they adopted this gear or not, had stiff blue cock hats, with candles stuck in front. The disguise was not so great in some instances as in others; the Prince might easily have been recognised by anybody who knew him; and the quiet military bearing of General Knollys was no more affected by his strange attire than it is by a morning suit of tweed or evening dress. The first level of the mine reached by the visitors is seventy feet from grass, and the deepest, where the heat is very perceptibly increased, is 180 fathoms. Some of the levels extend for a distance of more than 300 fathoms under the bed of the Atlantic; and the old miners have in some parts actually worked through, so that the holes have had to be plugged. Should the water ever force its way in, there will be an end for ever to Botallack Mine. Often now, when storms rage above, when the thundering of the billows in their rebounds, the rolling of heavy boulders, and the grinding and crackling of stones upon the rock are so loud as to appal the miners themselves, these gnomes will run for the shaft, preferring loss of time in their work to peril of their lives. On coming up again from their visit to the bottom of the mine, the Prince's party stopped for a few seconds in their car near the top of the incline, that they might be photographed. 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THE LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE—THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON IN A STORM. (See page 118.)



THE LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE—THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON IN A STORM. (See page 118.)



SAILORS OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS ON SHORE AT PLYMOUTH. (See page 119.)



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURT  
GUILDFORD

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF FRAUD.—James Pearce, of 14 or 19, Canterbury-place, Walworth-road, a middle-aged man described as a medical assistant, was brought up in custody, on a warrant before Mr. Alderman Lawrence, M.P., charged with feloniously stealing five lace shawls, of the value of £16, the goods of Eleanor Humphrey Barry, Mr. Wommer, jun., a pearl to prosecute, and Mr. Perry defended the prisoner. Mr. Wommer said: Sir, the prisoner in this case is charged with stealing some lace shawls, of the value of £8, and with obtaining the same under false pretences. When all the facts have been brought out, it will be seen that a greater case of craft than this has never been brought into a court of justice. We frequently see in the newspapers cases of a peculiar description, but it is very rarely that a case of this kind is seen. The prosecutrix is a young woman living with her father and mother, at 7, St. Peter's-road, Mile-end. Her brother-in-law, it appears, is an accountant, and amongst his other avocations he is agent for a lace firm at Malta. The lace was sent to Mr. Barry, the brother-in-law of the prosecutrix, for him to sell or to get orders; but, being engaged during the day, he sent his sister-in-law out to see if she could get orders. It was on one of these occasions that the prisoner made her acquaintance four or five months ago, representing that he was a single man and a surgeon, and that he was going out as surgeon to South Australia. He was engaged to be married to the prosecutrix, and she was to accompany him to Australia. When she went out to the various houses to try to get orders the prisoner accompanied her. The prisoner said he knew the chief lace buyer at Messrs. Pawson's, of St. Paul's-churchyard, and said he believed he could sell the lace there. The prosecutrix got possession of the lace for the purpose of selling it at Messrs. Pawson's on the 27th of June, but he pledged the shawl at pawnbrokers', and nothing was seen of him until a few days ago, when prosecutrix saw him in the Walworth-road, when he ran away. The prosecutrix, a somewhat good-looking, but bold young woman, said: I live with my father and mother at 7, St. Peter's-road, Mile-end. I am single and have known the prisoner some five or six months, and was engaged to be married to him. He represented to me that he was unmarried. It had been arranged that when we were married we should go to South Australia. In the beginning of the year a quantity of Maltese lace, and other goods, came to my brother-in-law, of the value of £86 17s. 6d. They were sent over for the purpose of getting orders. I went to various houses in London where they deal in lace. The prisoner used to meet me in the City and accompany me. On the 27th of June I met him, and he asked me to meet him on the following day. I did so, when he said he knew the principal lace buyer at Pawson's, and believed that he could do some business with him. I met him the next morning at the Royal Exchange, and we went to Pawson's through Cannon-street. I had the lace with me. When we got to Pawson's he told me to stop on the door step. I gave him the parcel of lace. He took it into the warehouse, and in a few minutes after he returned and said he had seen the principal buyer of lace, and he believed he could do a deal of business with him. He said he was going again to Pawson's, and he would be some time, and told me to wait in the Cathedral. I waited from twelve till six o'clock, when he came and said he had seen the principal buyer, and had been round with him to the chief warehouse, and as he had been so kind he treated him to some beer and cheese. He said he had left the goods and was to go again on the following morning, and asked me to meet him at the Exchange at four o'clock. I did not go on account of the rain. He sent me a letter stating that he would meet me at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon at the corner of St. Peter's-road. On the Saturday I received the following letter from him:—

My dear Fizziewig—I expect to go to Liverpool to-night, and return on Monday, having had a telegram. Now, be ready to start on Tuesday when I see you. Your traps are all right."

I have not seen or heard of him till last Thursday, when I saw him in the Walworth-road. He saw me and ran away. I did not give him any authority to pawn the goods. I parted with them on the faith of the prisoner's statement. I have since discovered that he is married, with a large family. Cross-examined: I first tried to sell these goods in March. I have tried a great many houses to get orders. I was not trying to sell these particular shawls. I have been out on several particular occasions with the prisoner to get orders. I do not deny that I have been out with the prisoner to sell the goods. I gave the prisoner permission to sell these goods if he could get at £80 from Pawson's, if he could not get orders for them. Three of the shawls were of one price. The price of the invoice was £88. As long as he sold them and brought me the bill I should have been satisfied. I first met him in the Strand. I did not know at that time where he was living. I saw him the following morning in Trafor-gate, by appointment. The first night I met him I told him what I was about. I have not been living at various places with the prisoner. I told my friends that I was going to Liverpool with him. The prisoner said we should be married by license. Mr. Kean, the chief lace buyer at Messrs. Pawson's of St. Paul's-churchyard, said he had never seen the prisoner before. Evidence was then given to the effect that the prisoner had pawned some of the goods at Attleborough's, 32, Strand, for £17, and the remainder at a pawnbroker's in the Westminster-bridge-road. At this stage of the proceedings the prisoner was remanded, the alderman refusing to take bail.

## BOW STREET.

A SAD STORY.—A middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, who described himself as Walter Wade, army tutor, without home or present employment, was charged with attempting to commit suicide. Police-constable Edward Carvel, 112 F., deposed that he was on duty on the Middlesex side of Waterloo-bridge at about eleven o'clock on the previous night, when he saw the defendant mounting the parapet, as if with the intention of jumping into the river below. He ran to the spot, seized the defendant, and compelled him to come down. He appeared quite sober, though distressed in mind, and said: "If you take me a way I shall return, for I am resolved to end my existence." He took him to the police-station. Defendant: Mine, sir, is the case of a broken-hearted man. Owing to the fall of my dear misguided wife, and the treachery of her villainous paramour, I was suddenly bereft of home, children, wife, friends—all of that made life precious to me. I had been for many years in the army, but now I am reduced, by endless misfortunes and mental agony, to abject poverty. I have only £2 in the whole world, and this I left at my lodgings to pay for my last week's board and residence. I had a soldier, a personal friend, who advised me to take proceedings against the vile seducer of my wife, and it was the last cause heard in the House of Lords. As a friend who kindly undertook to carry on the suit for £30, but which was my distress of mind, that in the midst of the pending action I could not find it in my heart to expose or punish the woman I so dearly loved, and I contrived my solicitor to abandon the proceedings. I longed to forgive my wife, and welcome her back again, not only for my children's sake, but for my own. Alas! this feeling met no response from her. She was the cause of my being soon afterwards arrested, and my establishment broken up. I sent my poor dear children to school, unwilling that they should suffer from the example of their adulterous mother, but I am now without the means of paying for their support. For some time I conducted a small school for army students, at Blackford and Kingston, but owing to my arrest I was obliged to send away the pupils I had obtained, and stop others who were coming to me at Charing-cross. I then obtained a situation as tutor in a grammar school at Stafford, but my distress of mind made me almost for any mental labour. Since then, every application for employment has been met by refusal, and I have not a friend left in the world. It was stated that nothing was found upon the defendant, except 4s., and a portrait of his wife and late father and mother. Mr. Flowers said that, with every desire to sympathise with the defendant if his story was true, it was clear that his duty was a stern one, and for a short time at least the defendant must be kept in custody until inquiries could be made respecting him. It would be best to remand him for a week.

## OLVERENWELL.

MARITAL FAMILIARITIES IN THE STREETS.—Herbert Forrester, who described himself as a law student, residing at 134, Peacock-road, was charged with assaulting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart, of 7, Chapel-grove, Merton-town, in the Euston-road. Mr. H. Alcock, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, attended to watch the case; Mr. Forrester defended. Mr. Hart said that he was with his wife and child in the Euston-road, when the defendant and another young man pushed against them in a very rude manner. He told the defendant to mind what he was about and not to push against his wife, on which the defendant said, "Your woman, you mean?" The defendant followed this up by striking him a fearful blow in the face, which made his eye bleed. His eye was very much bruised, and he was in some pain. Mr. Forrester: I was with the defendant, and, being his brother, should like to call the witness a few questions, for I shall know a different light upon the matter. Mr. Alexander (chief clerk): Are you a solicitor? Mr. Forrester: I am. I was admitted after last Trinity

Term. My name is not in the "Law List" for this year, as I was not admitted until after it was printed. Mr. Alexander: If you have not got your certificate, we can't allow you to practice. We only do that for the sake of the profession. If persons are allowed to come and say they have a certificate and do not produce it, we shall be obliged to withdraw them from the profession. Mr. Forrester: I say I was admitted after last Trinity term, and he was right to be heard. In answer to Mr. Alexander, the witness said: That he was not drunk, and he had not got his wife's name. Of that he was certain. Mr. Barker: Even if a husband had his arm round his wife's waist I do not see any harm in that. (Laughter) witness: Mr. Forrester: The street is not the proper place for familiarity. Miss Kitz, an actress, said that she was with her husband, and had a child in her arms, when the defendant pushed against her in a very rude and rough manner. When her husband remonstrated with him he made a savage attack and struck in the eye by the defendant. She and her husband were sober, and did not say or do anything to the defendant before he pushed her and struck her husband. Police-constable Boxall, 383 d, said when he took the defendant into custody the woman plaintiff was bleeding from a wound in the face. On the way to the police-station the defendant said he had done it for a lark. All the parties were sober. Mr. Forrester submitted that the charge of assault was not made out; and, if it was, then his brother only struck in self-defence, as he was first assaulted. He had no witnesses to call. Mr. Barker said he considered the case was fully made out, and ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 40s., or in default to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for fourteen days. The defendant was locked up in default.

DRIVING BOXCAR.—Conveyance.—Mary Ann Smith, aged 28, of 33, Flower and Dean-street, Spitalfields, a prostitute, was charged before Mr. Barker with stealing at a coffee-house in Ormon-street, St. Luke's, the sum of £1, the property of Dennis Costello, a labourer. The complainant met the prisoner in the City-road, and at her invitation accompanied her to the above house. A short time afterwards the landlady of the house found the man asleep, and the prisoner gone. She awoke the man, and he then ascertained that all the money he had was stolen. He went in pursuit of the prisoner, and found her in an adjoining house, and gave her into custody. On her way to the police-station the prisoner offered to give the prosecutor his money back if he did not prosecute, and told the constable that if he could persuade the prosecutor to take the money and forego the charge against her she would give him £5. The prisoner said at first that the complainant had given her the money, but afterwards said that she was guilty, and hoped that the magistrate would not send her to the Middlesex Court for trial but would deal with her himself. Mr. Barker said the case was fully made out, and sentenced the prisoner to three months' hard labour. The prisoner was then removed.

VIOLENT ASSAULT ON A WOMAN.—George Stoneham, 48, of 2, Crawford-place, Clerkenwell, was charged with violently assaulting his wife, Elizabeth. The complainant, who had received a cut on the top of the head, said the prisoner was a check-taker at the Pavilion Theatre, and that morning, as she was peeling onions for his supper, he became very angry, called her bad names, and struck her on the head with a pair of tongs. He also tried to stomp her, and had made her throat so sore that she could hardly speak. She became so weak from the loss of blood that it was found necessary to have her removed to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, where her wounds were dressed, but the house-surgeon said they were not dangerous. The prisoner said that what he did was in self-defence. His wife was drunk, and kicked him out of bed. Brambley, 113 G, said that the complainant was sober, but the prisoner was drunk. The complainant said that he had frequently assaulted her, and on Saturday last he broke his stick over her head in Whitechapel, and he would then have been locked up had not he begged the constable not to take him to work at the wash-tub very hard for her living, and had to help to support him. Some time ago there was a warrant out against him at the Westminster Police-court for violently assaulting her. Mr. Barker ordered the prisoner to pay a fine of £2, or in default to be imprisoned in the House of Correction with hard labour for six weeks. The prisoner was locked up in default.

ILLEGAL DUNNING.—Paul Hobert, a collector, residing at No. 2, Trevor-square, Knightsbridge, was charged before Mr. Knox with breaking into a disorderly house at the door of the house No. 34, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and causing a greater number of persons to assemble. Miss Harriet Walrond, daughter of Lady Jane Walrond, said that about three or four previous afternoon the defendant came to the door of the house No. 34, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, where she resided with her mother, and made a great noise, saying she must have his money. He rang the bell and knocked violently at the door, and caused a crowd of boys to assemble. The defendant asked whether he was not told to come to the house? Miss Walrond said that was not the case, and that one penny was owing to him. Lady Jane Walrond said the defendant knocked violently at the door, and the attention of several persons was attracted to the house. He came to the house twice, and the first time she took no notice of it. In answer to the defendant Lady Walrond said she had a husband, and that she was used to the habit of getting into debt and pleading her creditor every time. Scott, 171 D, proved the disturbance and taking the defendant into custody. The defendant, in reply to Mr. Knox, said he had no questions to ask. He was in the employ of a well-known cheesemonger's firm at Knightsbridge, and Lady Jane Walrond was indebted £2 for goods, and he went for the money. Her ladyship was in the habit of getting into debt and then removing, and it was difficult to get at her, and when they did she pleased her creditor. Mr. Knox said that even if there was any sum of money owing the defendant has no right to make a disturbance in the public streets. The defendant had his remedy in the County Court. He would have to find one bail in £10 to keep the peace for six months.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

ILLEGAL DUNNING.—Paul Hobert, a collector, residing at No. 2, Trevor-square, Knightsbridge, was charged before Mr. Knox with breaking into a disorderly house at the door of the house No. 34, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and causing a greater number of persons to assemble. Miss Harriet Walrond, daughter of Lady Jane Walrond, said that about three or four previous afternoon the defendant came to the door of the house No. 34, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, where she resided with her mother, and made a great noise, saying she must have his money. He rang the bell and knocked violently at the door, and caused a crowd of boys to assemble. The defendant asked whether he was not told to come to the house? Miss Walrond said that was not the case, and that one penny was owing to him. Lady Jane Walrond said the defendant knocked violently at the door, and the attention of several persons was attracted to the house. He came to the house twice, and the first time she took no notice of it. In answer to the defendant Lady Walrond said she had a husband, and that she was used to the habit of getting into debt and pleading her creditor every time. Scott, 171 D, proved the disturbance and taking the defendant into custody. The defendant, in reply to Mr. Knox, said he had no questions to ask. He was in the employ of a well-known cheesemonger's firm at Knightsbridge, and Lady Jane Walrond was indebted £2 for goods, and he went for the money. Her ladyship was in the habit of getting into debt and then removing, and it was difficult to get at her, and when they did she pleased her creditor. Mr. Knox said that even if there was any sum of money owing the defendant has no right to make a disturbance in the public streets. The defendant had his remedy in the County Court. He would have to find one bail in £10 to keep the peace for six months.

## MARYLEBONE.

ALLEGED INDIGENT ASSAULT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—John Powell, 33, carpenter, of 27, Windmill-street, Finsbury, was charged with indecently assaulting Elizabeth Morgan, a young married woman, residing in St. George's-road, Pimlico. The prosecutrix said: Last night, at eight o'clock, I left Bath by the Great Western Railway for the purpose of coming to London. In the same carriage were my husband, my brother and sister-in-law, the prisoner, and about seven other persons. I sat next to my husband, who was opposite to the prisoner, and I was facing my brother-in-law, who sat next to his wife. On getting out of the Box Tunnel the prisoner put his hand on my knee and tickled me. I told him to take his hand away and keep quiet. I said this in a low tone, because I was afraid he would hear me. He would inquire the cause, which would result in a disturbance. The prisoner took his hand away, but repeated the offence soon after the train left Swindon. For the reason I have already explained, I again whispered to him to desist, and he did so. When the train arrived within three miles from Paddington the prisoner put his hand right up my petticoat and seized my naked thigh. I at once jumped up, and, after calling him a beast, struck him a blow on the face. My husband, who had been asleep nearly the whole of the time occupied by the journey, here awoke, and when I told him what had occurred, he also struck the prisoner. When we got to the station the prisoner attempted to escape, but a guard came up and I gave him into custody. Mr. Paul, solicitor, who appeared for the prisoner, severely cross-examined the witness, who swore most positively the prisoner was the man who assaulted her. There was no light in the carriage—in fact, they were all in darkness during the whole of the journey. Her husband only knew of the third assault. Matilda Gordon, sister-in-law of the prosecutrix, corroborated a portion of the evidence given. The husband of last witness, in giving his version of the story, said that immediately after the first assault was committed, prosecutrix "woke her husband, who charged him (witness) with the assault." After Mr. Paul had addressed the bench at considerable length for the defence, Mr. Mansfield said that after the evidence given by last witness, which differed in material points from that of the prosecutrix, he did not feel himself justified in convicting the prisoner, and therefore, was discharged.

A SYSTEMATIC SWINDLER.—A well-dressed woman of superior address, named Elizabeth Hessey, 34, of no settled residence, was charged upon a warrant for fraudulently obtaining from Colonel Webber, at 59, Hereford-road, Paddington, the sum of 2s., with intent to defraud. Inspector Egerton watched the case on behalf of the Commissioners of Police. From the evidence adduced it appeared that the prisoner was lady-maid to Mrs. Spode, of Berton, near Buxton, Staffordshire, and was dismissed from there the same year. Shortly afterwards she was convicted at Birmingham for obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. She was subsequently sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for a similar offence. On the 10th of May last, prisoner called at prosecutrix's residence, 99, Hereford-road, and said she wanted to see the colonel on urgent business. On the interview being acceded, she told him her name was Jane Clay, and that she was in the service of Mrs. Spode, of Berton, Staffordshire; that she had come to London to bid farewell to her two brothers, who on that day sailed for Australia, and that on her way to the station she was robbed of all her money at Blackwall. The colonel, knowing Mr. Spode, questioned her minutely, and induced her to give a satisfactory answer, he gave her 2s., sent her to a place where she would be well taken care of, and told her to come to him every morning during her stay in London, when he would supply her with necessary funds. She never returned to the house. The colonel wrote to the clergyman at

Berton, who replied that prisoner was a notorious imposter. He then gave information to the police. Mr. Mansfield sentenced her to three months' hard labour, and on being taken from the court she said: "I expect four years." Inspector Egerton said a number of gentlemen whom the prisoner had victimised out of large sums of money under similar circumstances were in court, and that she had also swindled several members of the police force. The prisoner will again be taken into custody when her sentence has expired.

## THAMES.

A VNEY HARD CASE.—A poor, old, and decrepit little man named Marchant, crawled into the witness box and said that his landlord, whose name was Glover, owed a quarter's rent and his goods were seized and removed. The applicant's goods were removed at the same time, and he could obtain no account of them from the broker, or what they sold for. He had paid his own rent and he thought it a very hard case to be deprived of his bed and furniture for another man's debt. Mr. Partridge said he was very sorry for the poor man, it was a hard case upon him, no doubt, but there was no remedy for him except to sue his landlord. Mr. Glover, for damages, which it would be useless to do, for if a man could not pay his rent he could not pay damages. The superior landlord was quite justified. He had no witnesses to call. Mr. Barker said he considered the case was fully made out, and ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 40s., or in default to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for four years.

AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.—A very respectable woman, named Elizabeth Donnison, of No. 16, High-street, Poplar, said that she was married to her husband Peter Donnison, at Poplar Church, on the 18th of February last. He was then a widower and she was a widow. The marriage promised well, and for a few days all went on as merry as marriage could. After that his love cooled, and he became more and more tyrannical. On the 20th of March he abandoned her entirely, and she had not seen or heard of him since. Mr. Partridge: What do you wish? Mrs. Donnison: A protection order. Mr. Partridge: Have you acquired any property since this base behaviour by your husband? Mrs. Donnison: Yes, sir. I have a tobacconist and stationer's shop. I don't want to be deprived of that. Mr. Partridge: Have you any children by your first husband? Mrs. Donnison: Yes, sir; the little girl by my side. Mr. Partridge: You shall have an order for the protection of your goods and chattels against your husband. Go into the clerk's office and it will be made out for you, and recollect you must register it in the County Court.

AN INDIGENT WOMAN.—Rebecca Beiber, or Braber (no one could give her name correctly), aged 36, of No. 120, North-street, Limehouse-fields, was brought before Mr. Seife, charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting Mrs. Mary Maria Phillips, the landlady of the Star and Garter public-house, in Arbour-street, Stepney, near the Thames Police-court. The complainant, a highly respectable woman, who was sick and appeared against the prisoner with great reluctance, stated that on Saturday evening the prisoner came into her house for liquor, and in a noisy and abusive strain demanded 2d. for an empty bottle on behalf of her master. The money had been already paid, and the prisoner's demand was refused. The prisoner then became very abusive, and said she would have the money. The water said he had been already paid, and the prisoner abused her and made a good deal of noise, and struck her on the eye. The prisoner said: Oh, I am quite indignant. Mr. Seife: Quite shocked! (A laugh.) The prisoner, in a loud and lofty strain, said: I am quite indignant. In answer to the magistrate, Mrs. Phillips said she never saw the prisoner before to her knowledge. The prisoner: Oh, oh, oh, I am indignant! How came I to this black eye, my dear good lady? Mrs. Phillips: I did not strike you. The prisoner: Look at my jacket. Mrs. Phillips: I did not tear it. The prisoner: Oh, dear! I am the mother of nine children; I was excited, but not drunk. Police-constable Joseph Grundwick, A 615, said the prisoner was very drunk, violent, and violent, and that she was at the Star and Garter public-house out of the house six times. She struck him often, and he lost his patience with her and struck her, and gave her a black eye. She plunged and shot about fearfully. The prisoner: Oh, my gentleman! Mr. Seife: He is not your gentleman. The prisoner: Is in the presence of this congregation. Mr. Seife: It is not a congregation. You are thinking of yesterday. The policeman: She tried to pull the hair of the waiter. Prisoner: Oh, dear! My indigent wife has no bounds. Mr. Seife said the indigent woman had received a black eye, and he had no doubt that Mrs. Phillips, who was a respectable woman, did not wish to press the charge. Mrs. Phillips: Certainly not, sir. I only wish her to keep away from my house. Mr. Seife: Bud over this indigent prisoner to keep the peace and be of good behaviour to all her Majesty's subjects for six months, and especially to Mrs. Phillips, and she must pay the recognizance fee. Keep away from the Star and Garter, Mrs. Beiber, or whatever your name is.

## HAMMERSMITH.

INTIMIDATION.—Timothy Enwright, who was described as a labourer, was placed in the dock, charged with intimidating the workmen in the employ of Mr. Thomas Cawley, a builder, of Prince of Wales-terrace, Kensington. Mr. Cawley said the prisoner and other men in his employ struck that morning for an advance of wages. The prisoner afterwards returned to the works and threatened the men with if they did not give in. He caused a great disturbance, and, as he would not go away, witness gave him to custody. John Green said that morning he asked Mr. Cawley for a job as a mason's labourer, and as he would not be given a job he was employed. About half an hour afterwards the prisoner came inside and threatened him. He told the prisoner he did not belong to his work, that of a plasterer's labourer. The prisoner: I asked him why he came into my work. Mr. Dayman: Your work. I thought you had struck? Prisoner: I struck for a shilling a week more. Mr. Dayman: Then it was no longer your work. Prisoner: He said he did not come on my strike. I said 'All right—I'll see you outside.' Mr. Dayman: The offence is made out against you. You have a right to strike for a shilling or a pound more, but you have no

## THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

## LIBERALS.



RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. (E. LANCASHIRE)



COLONEL SYKES. (ABERDEEN)



HON. F. H. BERKELEY. (BRISTOL.)



W. E. BAXTER. (MONTROSE BURGHS)



J. G. DODSON. (E. SUSSEX.)



W. A. MACKINNON. (RYE.)



A. E. AYRTON. (TOWER HAMLETS.)



W. COGAN. (KILDARE.)

## CONSERVATIVES.



RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI. (BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.)



LORD STANLEY. (LYNN.)



SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART. (HERTFORDSHIRE.)



SIR FITROY KELLY. (E. SUFFOLK.)



SIR B. BRIDGES, BART. (E. KENT.)



COLONEL WILSON PATTEN. (N. LANCASHIRE.)



JAMES WHITESIDE. (DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.)



SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART. (DROITWICH.)

AUG. 5, 1865.]



## Literature

## BEATRICE'S PUN

"It can't be true, Beatrice."

"What—that I am to marry Chauncy that you stand there, white with amaze to marry him? Do you think I will be?"

I am accustomed, when, by marrying him, to know how to be poor, and I don't mean Beatrice Delancy flung the heavy silk window with an impatient gesture, and her face turned quite away from her sister.

It was a dainty place—that boudoir; and hung with two or three exquisite pieces of green moss strewed with roses, and the windows covered with crimson silk. There were softy-cushioned tables variously littered; and upon one contents sparkled with rainbow lustre as

Beatrice Delancy fitted the apartment. Her morning dress of maroon, with quilted bodice and full sleeves, was a royal robe; and when from the slumberous lustre of her eyes it was turned to the bright sunlight. She stood looking silently upon her white finger-ring, and then turned upon her like an eye of fire.

A plainer ring lay upon the table, a little hand trembled as she picked it up, and then she was crying, "Oh, sister, I would not have it."

Beatrice turned abruptly, her velvet lips set in a reproachful expression of Clare's sweet beauty, and then fell to the unpretending circlet that one perfection of earthly bliss—once, when in danger, with passionate kisses. How wretched she was.

Clare caught the shadowy thought on a good angel, gliding near, she took softly tried to exchange the diamond ring.

But Beatrice repulsed her angrily, and brightness of her own, she said—

"See here, Clare, I loved Sutton; if you have married him. I should have been born to have kept my luxury all the time; I could never be happy in poverty, now; I have promised to be Chauncy Bryan's wife."

"And do you think you will be happy?"

"Don't preach, Clare," Beatrice said, shoulders; "it is enough that I am satisfied."

Her eye sparkled as it fell on the jewelled ring.

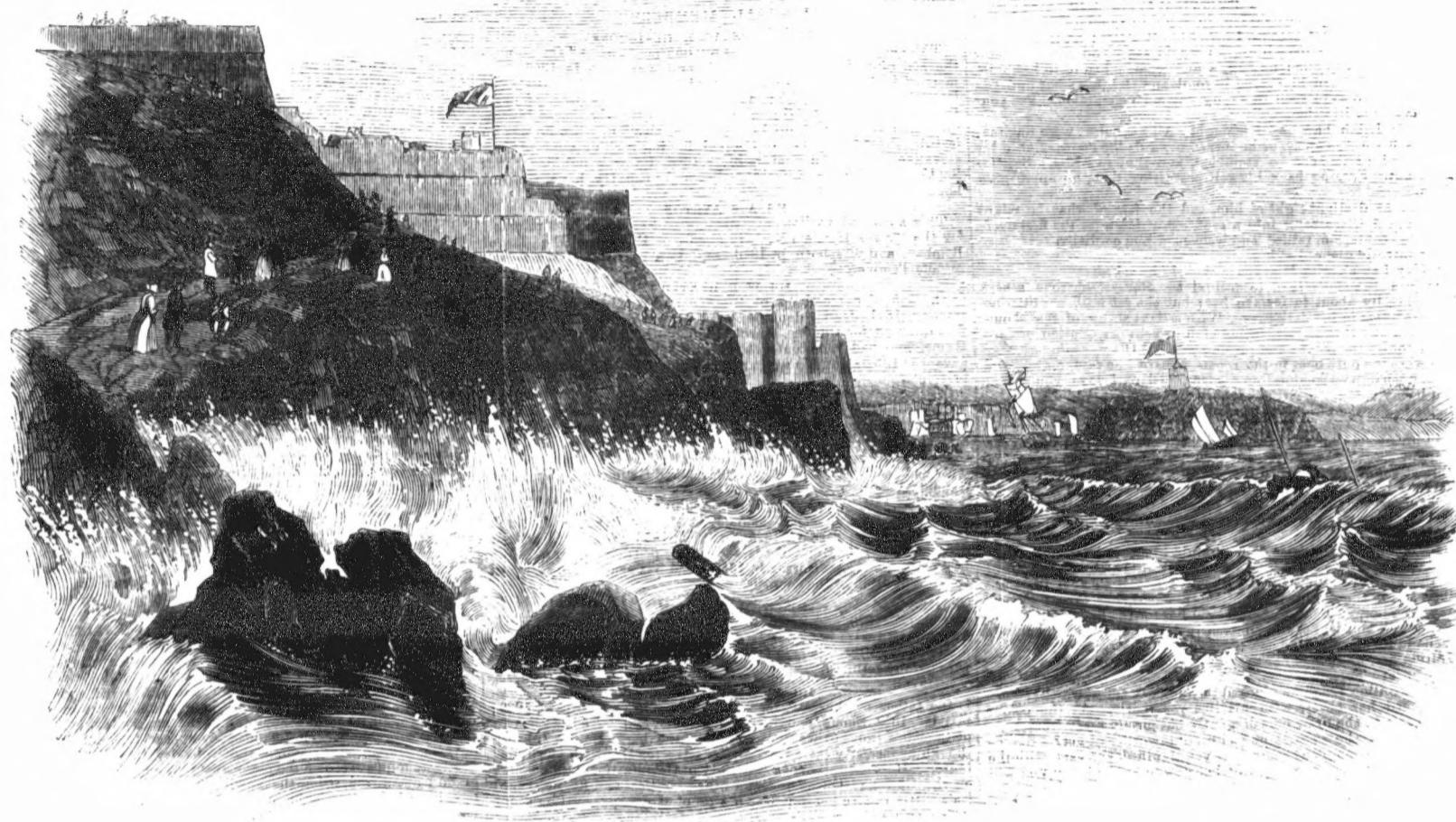
"Look, you little coxcomb! Did you think I was beautiful? It is Chauncy's betrothal ring."

Clare's lovely face flushed hotly with the costly gift resting upon the jewelled ring.

"You don't deserve the love of Sir Leigh's!" she said passionately. "Oh, I am capable of appreciating him."

"It is evident he will not have to make amends to him for my obsequiousness," Beatrice said, colouring deeply, but not replying.

Sutton Leigh had been out of town, come back ignorant of much that had happened.



PLYMOUTH CITADEL VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. (See page 122.)

## Literature.

### BEATRICE'S PUNISHMENT.

"It can't be true, Beatrice."

"What—that I am to marry Chauncy Bryan? It is as true as that you stand there, white with amazement. Why should I not marry him? Do you think I will give up all this luxury to which I am accustomed, when, by marrying him, I can keep it. I don't know how to be poor, and I don't mean to learn, if I can help it."

Beatrice Delancy flung the heavy silk curtain away from the window with an impatient gesture, and stood looking out with her face turned quite away from her sister.

It was a dainty place—that boudoir; the walls tinted delicately, and hung with two or three exquisite pictures, the carpet like wood moss strewn with roses, and the windows glistening draped with crimson silk. There were softly-cushioned easy-chairs, and inlaid tables variously littered; and upon one an open jewel case, whose contents sparkled with rainbow lustre as the light struck them.

Beatrice fitted the apartment as much as it became her. Her morning dress of maroon, with quilted white facings, fell about her tall form in regal folds; and when she lifted those inky lashes from the slumberous lustre of her eyes, it was like a too sudden flash of sunlight. She stood looking silently from the window, slowly turning upon her white forefinger a ring, whose single stone seemed to look at her like an eye of fire.

A plainer ring lay upon the table, among the glitter. Clare's little hand trembled as she picked it up, glancing at the other, and crying, "Oh, sister, I would not have believed it of you!"

Beatrice turned abruptly, her velvet cheek paling as she met the reproachful expression of Clare's sweet brown eyes, and let her own fail to the unpretending circlet that once had symbolized to her the perfection of earthly bliss—once, when the fond giver put it on her finger, with passionate kisses. How would he receive the news of her fidelity?

Clare caught the shadowy thought on the beautiful face, and, like a good angel, gliding near, she took Beatrice's hand in hers, and softly tried to exchange the diamond ring for the other.

But Beatrice repulsed her angrily, and then bending till the brightness of her sister's curling tresses rippled against the jetty darkness of her own, she said—

"See here, Clare, I loved Sutton; if papa had not failed I should have married him. I should have been rich enough then in my own right to have kept my luxury all the same. We are both poor now; I could never be happy in poverty, even with him. So I have promised to be Chauncy Bryan's wife."

"And do you think you will be happy so?" Clare asked, indignantly.

"Don't preach, Clare," Beatrice said, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders; "it is enough that I am satisfied."

Her eye sparkled as it fell on the jewel-case.

"Look, you little censor! Did you ever see anything half so beautiful? It is Chauncy's betrothal gift."

Clare's lovely face flushed hotly as she caught the glitter of the costly gift reposing upon the velvet cushions of the jewel case.

"You don't deserve the love of so noble a heart as Sutton Leigh's!" she said passionately. "Oh! why did he love one so incapable of appreciating him?"

"It is evident he will not have to look far for one to make amends to him for my obtuseness," Beatrice said, sarcastically.

Colouring deeply, but not replying, Clare rose and left the room.

Sutton Leigh had been out of town more than a month, and come back ignorant of much that had transpired during his absence.

"Terrible smash-up, that of Delancy's," remarked a friend with whom he fell in company on the way to his hotel.

"Smash-up—Delancy?" exclaimed Leigh, interrogatively, his heart thrilling at the name.

"Oh! haven't you heard? Complete tumble. The firm won't be able to pay two and sixpence in the pound."

Sutton sprang up-stairs to his room, almost tearing open the door in his frantic haste, and creating the most wonderful commotion when he got there, among various toilet apparatus—brushing and towelling, and generally repairing the wear and tear which the journey had created in his personelle.

"Poor child," he soliloquised meanwhile, "I'll go right over. That's the reason I haven't heard. I'm glad I didn't tell anybody what I was going after when I went away. Little she suspects—the darling—what surprise I've got in store for her. To think that Uncle Mack should drop off just now, and leave the graceless nephew he never set eyes on heir to all his money. Poor old boy! I'd like to have him alive though, to see how happy it has made me—the money of course," he added, with a laugh, as he donned hat and overcoat again and plunged downstairs, and away Beatrice-ward, still soliloquising as he went—

"I wonder how Delancy came to break. May be, now, a thousand or so would put him on his feet again. I'll sound Beatrice, and if it will—"

The rest of the thought lost itself in the ting-a-ring of the door-bell, as running up the steps, he gave it an energetic pull.

Clare Dolancy opened the door for him—there was no servant to do it. She shrank, her face changing to snow in its palor, as she recognised him.

"Ah, Miss Clare, I am glad to see you," Sutton said, with frank cordiality, extending his hand.

He gave him hers mechanically, and led the way to the parlour unable to utter a word. The parlour was dismantled already of its sumptuous furnishing—indeed, there had been a sale only the day before, of the house and its appurtenances; they were only staying in it on sufferance. Sutton's face changed as he saw.

"This way, if you please, Mr. Leigh," Clare managed to say presently, leading the way to what had formerly been the library, and which, though stripped like the parlour, had a chair left for him to sit upon.

Misinterpreting the pallor of Clare's face, he said, kindly, "I am very sorry this should have occurred during my absence from the city. How does Beatrice bear it?"

Clare could almost hear the throbbing of her own heart.

"Beatrice!" she stammered. "Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Nothing has happened to her?" he asked, turning pale.

"Oh, Mr. Leigh, I am so sorry!" Clare cried.

"Will you not tell me what you mean?" he said.

Clare turned her face away.

"Beatrice was married a week ago to Mr. Bryan."

"Married!" Sutton Leigh sat down with a sickly smile. "You are fondness this morning, Miss Clare."

"I thought you knew," she said, wringing her hands at sight of his appalled face. "There is something so terrible in the sight of a man so conquered by grief."

"Can it be true?"

"God knows I wish it were not, but it is."

Sutton Leigh sat many moments, neither moving nor speaking. The blow seemed to have stunned him. He went away presently, with a cold good morning to Clare, and as the door closed behind him she knelt by the chair he had quitted, sobbing vehemently.

Some vague doubt started up suddenly in Sutton's brain, and he turned back for its solution and saw her.

"Miss Clare," he said, with a start, "I hope these tears are not for me?"

She got up, blushing affrightedly, but unable to speak, and wringing her hand, he left the house.

Matters proved not quite so desperate with Mr. Delancy as had been at first supposed. There was a terrible tangle somehow, which Gordian knot, very much to everybody's surprise, and especially to that of Mr. Delancy, Sutton Leigh came forward and dissolved, as Samson did his bonds. In some inexplicable manner Mr. Delancy found himself upon his feet again, with Sutton Leigh as his partner. Perhaps Sutton thought thus to heap coals of fire upon Beatrice's head, and possibly his generosity was a sort of offering to Clare's tears.

Beatrice heard, in the midst of her honeymoon, that the man she had loved, but jilted for his poverty, had turned out rich enough to lift the fallen firm of Delancy and Co. bodily, and place it on a stronger base than ever as Delancy and Leigh. It must have been pleasant news to her.

Mrs. Chauncy Bryan was home from her bridal trip, and queen-ing it more imperiously than ever in the world of ton. Nobody set up such brilliant and unanswerable claims to belle-ship as she. Chauncy Bryan, Esq., was very proud of his beautiful wife, which was a great deal more than she was of him.

He was a wonderfully dapper little man, something under five feet, trotting merrily in the wake of his magnificent lady, and always in such a sleek and unruffled state of preservation as to give one the idea that madame kept him in a bandbox when not on exhibition. Sutton Leigh met her quietly enough. If either were agitated, it was not he.

Beatrice was enough affected by his composure, the seeming unconsciousness of his greeting, to long with a feverish desire to know if he had indeed banished her image so soon and so easily from his heart. Beatrice Bryan could be as fascinating as Beatrice Delancy, she said to herself; and bent the dangerous lustre of her great, beautiful eyes upon her former lover.

Can any one wonder if Sutton Leigh, with his wounds so fresh, thought within himself, "This woman who has wronged me so loves me still; I will punish her."

It was true. Beatrice loved him all the more because she was now for ever severed from him; and he avoided her, or yielded apparently to the spells that had lured him once, just enough to stir the woman's passion for conquest and blow the old flame to a blaze that it would be strange if she passed through unscathed. Little she suspected how hateful she had grown to him, or how deep was the revenge he proposed taking.

Sutton Leigh was strangely changed from the frank, genial young fellow he had been in these days when she was his promised wife. Her falsehood and deceit, the heartlessness with which she had forsaken him, rankled in his bosom like poisoned arrows. He had lost all love for her; but he had been wounded in a vital part, his faith in woman ruthlessly wrenching away from him, and he filled the void with thoughts of the atonement she should make for the wrong she had done. He taught Beatrice to thrill at the tones of his voice, as he had once at sound of hers. He taught those long, inky lashes to droop beneath the language of his glance, her hand to tremble upon his arm, and he tasted his revenge, drop by drop, finding, possibly, in its sweetness compensation for the manhood he was bartering for the draught.

Clare Dolancy had been ill at first a long time, and then from choice had absented herself from the gay circles her sister queen-ed it over. But suddenly she resumed her position in society.

Sutton Leigh was glad to see her. She was the first woman he had been glad to see since the morning she told him Beatrice was married. Somehow, into the feverish bitterness that filled him now-a-days, this soft-eyed Clare came like a dewy calm. It was like dreams of boyhood to watch her pure, pale face, and he felt always better for a touch of her cool, white, little hand.

Beatrice was fiercely jealous at once; and he did not like it. Though he had spared no pains to stir her jealousy of others, he shrank from having her feel so towards little Clare, the pure, fair child. She really seemed but a child to him.

Clare saw how it was with Beatrice—not suspecting all, but

enough. She felt vaguely, but none the less affrightedly, all that threatened; and in her pure straightforwardness spoke to her sister in language of gentle remonstrance.

Beatrice was passionately angry, and in the midst of the fierce tirade of reproach she poured out upon Clare, Sutton Leigh, through the awkwardness of a servant, was shown into the parlour.

He was half-way across it before he at all comprehended what they were saying. Neither of the sisters had seen him, and in the brief moment of irresolute hesitation that followed, he heard Clare's gentle, but pained, voice saying, in reply to the bitter sarcasm of Beatrice, "It is not because I love him, Beatrice; or, if it is, it is because I love you, too; because I would save you both. I know how little I am to him; how little any woman can be to him now. You have wronged him once beyond any righting; but now you are going the sure road to wrong beyond redemption. For your own sake, oh, Beatrice—"

Sutton Leigh had heard enough. All his pulses were tingling, and his brain was dizzy, as he turned towards the door. But in his haste and excitement he stumbled, and they saw him. Beatrice cried out. Forcing back his self-possession then, he approached them.

Faint as death at sight of him, and the fear of what he might have heard, Clare sank into a seat. Beatrice, after the first overwhelmed confusion, rallied, and welcomed him cordially.

He scarcely glanced at her.

"May I speak with Miss Clare alone?" he asked.

It was Beatrice's turn to feel faint. Her treacherous senses seemed really about to forsake her; but she sat still, a glittering desperateness in her dark eyes. With a light shrug of the shoulders, a faint but expressive lifting of his eyebrows, Sutton seemed to relinquish the point; and turning towards Clare, as though they two were the only ones in the room, "Clare," he said, "a great and sudden tenderness coming into his face, "Clare, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The frightened girl put up her hands with a vague gesture. He caught them between his.

"I love you!" he said, fervently. "I would have told you under different circumstances if I could have escaped from the room without your knowing I had been in it. Nay, shrink not, sweet Clare. I needed to hear the little I did to make me bold to tell you, of all women, that more than I ever loved any other I love you. Beatrice was dead to me the moment I knew her the wife of another."

It was enough. Beatrice did not doubt him. It was not possible to doubt that look that time. Slowly, whitely, she glided out of the room. Clare had fainted. She had not been able to doubt either, and in the raptured awe of the moment, her senses slipped away from her, and Sutton Leigh held her for the first time in his arms, as still and white, and apparently devoid of life as the marble Psyche in its niche behind her.

Lifting her, he carried her towards the open window. She opened her eyes soon, those soft, brown eyes, whose sweet language Sutton Leigh had looked into blindly till now. Bending, he touched her cheek with his lips reverently. As the colour flushed into it, she drew herself gently but firmly away from him. Did she suspect how nearly he had been unworthy of her? Standing so in that tremulous confusion, yet dignified, she said, with the blushes staining the very snow of her downcast eyelids, "You will give me time, Mr. Leigh? I cannot answer you at once."

"How much time?" he questioned, anxiously. "Why time, when—" he took her hand again.

"When you already know what you are to me?" she said, in a low, abashed voice, but frankly: "for that very reason, I do not doubt you; but for the sake of all, lest you may not know yourself, give me time. I am going to travel a few months with my mother, for her health. If, when I return, you can still say what you have just said to me, my answer will be what it would be now, if I gave it to you—."

"I could not ask any different terms, under the circumstances. I will try to deserve you by that time, Clare, as I have not hitherto. And when afterwards she became his wife, he did deserve her."

## THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

PORTRAITS OF LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES.  
We again present our reader with another page of miniature portraits of members returned to the new parliament. (See page 1.) At the head of our previous selection we gave Viscount Palmerston. We have now much pleasure in placing foremost among the

### LIBERAL MEMBERS.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

This gentleman, whose name is a "household word" among us, is the son of a Liverpool merchant, and was born in 1809. He married in 1833, Katherine, sister of Sir B. R. Glynne, Bart. He formerly sat for Newark; and, in 1847, was returned for the University of Oxford. He represented that time-honoured institution from that period up to the recent election, when he was re-elected. Prior to the close of the poll, finding such determined Conservative antagonism against his return, he was put forward for South Lancashire, and, fortunately for the country, has again been honourably returned.

MR. A. S. AYRTON.

This advanced parliamentary reformer has again been returned for the Tower Hamlets. He is a son of F. Ayrton, Esq., late of Bombay, and was born in 1816, and is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple.

MR. W. E. BAXTER.

is the son of a merchant of Dundee, and was born in 1825. He married, 1841, Jessie, daughter of J. Horne Scott, Esq. He was first returned for Bristol in 1857, and has again been returned for that city. He is a zealous opponent of church-rates, is in favour of wide and searching reforms in Church and State, and an extended franchise.

MR. J. G. DODSON.

one of the Liberal members for East Sussex, is a son of Sir J. Dodson, and was born in 1825; married, 1856, Florence, daughter of W. J. Campion, Esq. He is a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Was first elected for East Sussex in 1857; and has again been returned for that division of the county.

MR. W. H. F. COGAN.

was born in 1823, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with honours. He is a member of the Irish bar, but does not practice. He is in favour of the ballot, and has been again successfully returned for Kildare.

MR. W. A. MACKINNON.

is the father of the M. P. for Lymington, and was born in 1789; married, 1812, Emma, daughter of J. Palmer, Esq. He is a member of Lincoln's Inn, but was not called to the bar. He is a Liberal, though he formerly sat as a Conservative for Dunwich and Lymington. He is the author of a "History of Colonization," "Thoughts on the Currency Question," and other political and financial subjects. His re-election for Eye is a proof of the appreciation of his long services.

COLONEL W. H. SYKES.

is another veteran member of the Liberal party. He was born in 1790; married, 1824, Elizabeth, daughter of W. Hay, Esq. Served with the Bombay army in the Deccan, and was afterwards statistic reporter to the Government of Bombay; became lieutenant-colonel, and retired in 1831. Was an East Indian director and chairman of that company. He has served numerous offices, and is the author of several papers on the statistics, antiquities, and history of India, and other works. Was elected for Aberdeen in 1857, for which place he has again been returned.

### CONSERVATIVES.

RIGHT HON. R. DISRAELI.

This acknowledged leader of the Conservatives is the eldest son of the late J. Disraeli, Esq., of Bradenham, Bucks, and was born in London, 1805; married, 1839, Mary Anne, daughter of J. Evans, Esq., and widow of his then colleague, Mr. W. Lewis, M.P. for Maldon. He was educated at Winchester school; after leaving which, he was for some time articled in a solicitor's office. He next became the editor of a daily paper, and, in 1826, produced his first novel, "Vivian Grey," which created a wide sensation. Having been more than once unsuccessful in obtaining a seat, he entered parliament in 1837, as member for Maldon; sat for Shrewsbury in the following parliament, and was chosen for Bucks at the dissolution of 1847, for which place he has since sat, and has again secured his re-election. He was Chancellor under Lord Derby in 1852. Is the author of "Contingsby," and other popular novels. He is an eloquent speaker, and when it serves his purpose one of the most sarcastic and biting in the House of Commons.

LORD STANLEY.

is the eldest son of the Earl of Derby; was born, 1826, and educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. Was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs during his father's Ministry in 1852. He is a Liberal-Conservative, and has been again returned for King's Lynn.

SIR E. B. LYTTON BART.

This celebrated novelist and poet was born in 1805; married, 1827, Rosina, daughter of F. M. Wheeler, Esq. Was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained the Chancellor's Prize, for English verse, in 1825. He assumed the additional name of Lytton in 1844, on succeeding to the estates of his mother, the last of the Lyttons of Knabworth. He formerly sat for St. Ives and for Lincoln in the Liberal interest. He was next returned for Berks under Conservative principles, for which county he has again been re-elected.

RIGHT HON. SIR J. PAKINGTON, BART.

is a son of the late W. Russell, Esq., and was born in 1799; married, first, 1822, Mary, daughter of M. A. Staney, Esq.; second, 1844, Augusta, daughter of Bishop Murray, of Rochester; third, 1851, Augusta, daughter of T. C. De Crespigny, Esq. (widow of Colonel Davies, M.P.). He assumed the name of Pakington on inheriting the property of his maternal uncle, Sir J. Pakington. He has served office in the Conservative interest, and has again been returned for Droitwich.

MR. J. W. PATTEN,

Liberal-Conservative member for North Lancashire, is the son of the late T. W. Patten, M.P., and was born 1802; married, 1828, Anna, daughter of the late P. Boid, Esq. Holds several county offices, and has been chairman of committees of the house.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, Q.C.

is the son of the late R. H. Kelly, R.N., and was born in 1796; married, 1821, Agnes, daughter of Captain Mason. Is a bencher of Lincoln's-inn, and standing counsel to the Bank of England; was Solicitor-General under Sir R. Peel and Lord Derby. Has sat for Ipswich, Cambridge, Harwich, and East Suffolk, for which latter he is again returned.

SIR B. W. BRIDGES.

was born in 1801; married, 1834, Fanny, daughter of L. Cage, Esq., deputy-lieutenant for Kent; was formerly captain in the Kent Yeomanry. Is in favour of church rates and a scriptural system of education; opposed to the Maynooth grant, and opening places of amusement on Sundays. Was first returned for East Kent in 1857, and has again been re-elected.

BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which now come off, and are fixed

at the rate of five per minute. Patented 482, New Oxford-street, W.C. [Advertisement]

RIGHT HON. J. WHITESIDE, Q.C.

This distinguished Irish barrister was born in 1806; married, in 1833, a daughter of the late W. Napier, Esq. He graduated B.A. in honours, at Trinity College, Dublin. He is a Conservative, in favour of religious education, but opposed to the Maynooth grant. Was Solicitor-General for Ireland, under Lord Derby, in 1852. Has been again returned for Dublin University.

### LIFE AMONGST THE MORMONS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Tribune describes an interview which took place last month in the Great Salt Lake City, between ex-Speaker Colfax and Brigham Young. Mr. Colfax's travelling companions and the Mormon dignitaries were present. Of polygamy the writer says:—

"On this subject we have had a long, frank, and very free conversation with Brigham Young and several of his leading men, and at various times during the week with a very considerable number of the bishops and elders not present at our interview this afternoon. In all these conversations Mr. Colfax and his party have not hesitated to express their condemnation of the system, and to say that it is under the ban of the entire civilized world. In several of these conversations we have told them frankly that, in our judgment, the nation would never sanction it by receiving Utah as a State until the whole thing was wiped out. The law of Congress on this subject, as all other laws, we assure them must be obeyed. After exhausting all topics in regard to the history, resources, topography, and extent of the territory, President Young himself introduced the topic of polygamy, and for an hour all the arguments for a plurality of wives were presented by Brigham and his friends, and all those at the command of Mr. Colfax and his party were manfully plied against the polygamous gentlemen. Sharp retorts were abundant on both sides, and it is very likely both parties at the close believed as firmly as ever in their own peculiar dogmas. As to the facts we have been able to gather, our convictions in regard to the demoralizing effects of polygamy are, if possible, more decided than ever before. The men who practise it have been educated by one father and one mother, and, therefore, the full results of the system will not appear till long after the present generation of adults are dead, should it continue to be tolerated by the Government and people of the nation. The want of proper parental instruction that must exist where polygamy is practised, and the utter degradation of women, incidental and inseparable from the system, will as surely in the end fall upon Anglo-Saxon polygamists as they do upon the Orientals or any other heathen nation. As at the South slavery was practised by the wealthy and influential, so this peculiar vice is indulged in mainly by the leading and wealthy men among the Mormons, some say one-fourth, some think more, and some less, while the majority, and some of the leaders as well, have but one wife each. While the men who have two or more wives pretend to be thoroughly convinced that they are doing right, we are assured that there is not an intelligent Mormon woman in the territory who, when her real sentiments are known, approves of polygamy. Whatever opinions we may form of the men, all who know anything of the misery they suffer, must pity the Mormon women. To us they appear dejected and, many of them, heart-broken; and, as time rolls on, the essential evils of the system must become the more apparent and revolting. To degrade woman from being the crown and companion of her husband to a life of mere serfdom, ministering to the lusts of men, and merely giving birth to other human animals, is the inevitable tendency and sure result of polygamy—an unclean, abominable thing, which must not, and cannot, be permanently tolerated in this civilized Christian republic. The sooner this determination is understood by those who practise it the better; for, like all festering sores, the longer it is endured, the more difficult removal and the more dangerous it becomes. Our conversation with Brigham Young and his leading men leads us to believe that they begin to understand their position, and in parting all of us expressed the hope that as they claimed polygamy was permitted, and in some cases commanded, by a new revelation, their high priest might have another, peremptorily forbidding the system. This would certainly be a peaceful and most happy way to remove the last foul blot upon the national character. Let the revelation be speedily made, and Brigham Young will complete one of the most eventful and the most wonderful personal histories made during the present generation."

"The business done by the merchants of the Salt Lake City is truly immense. William Jennings, Esq., a leading Mormon merchant, told us that his freight bill alone this year will amount to 150,000 dollars, and that of Walker Brothers will not be less. The stocks of goods embrace a wide range, but in extent and value they would not fall much below many of our leading Chicago houses. Both leather and shoes, and flour, are manufactured largely in Utah. Cotton is raised quite successfully in the southern portion of the territory, and these are factories for manufacturing it. One or two woollen factories are in operation; Brigham Young has also a paper mill a few miles from the city. The Mormons have shown their wisdom by devoting themselves to agriculture, manufactures, and trade; for the demand for food and goods from Idaho, Montana, and other surrounding territories has made them rich and independent.

On the 12th of June Mr. Colfax made a speech in the Mormon capital, in the course of which he said he had no disguise to make of his sentiments or his principles; that he didn't, or he wouldn't, stand before them with a forked tongue; that while a friend to their industrial, general, and mining interests, and advocating the rights that their general Government owed to them, he wished to tell them frankly what this Government had a right to demand of them—to wit, allegiance to the constitution, obedience to the laws, and devotion to the Union of the Government! These territories he termed, with their yet undeveloped mineral wealth, the "treasury of the world." And, he continued, "God put this mineral in your mountains. It crops out everywhere in your midst. If you don't develop it yourselves, or extend liberal encouragement to have it done, take my word for it the tide of an immense emigration is bound to roll in among you and take it to develop for themselves. For here, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, will be the seat of a richer empire than Europe or Asia ever owned."

"Among the passengers by the West Indian mail steamer *Shannon*, which arrived at Southampton, was Captain Dalgarne, of the British ship *Invercraig*. This vessel had not been heard of for more than twelve months. We now learn that she was wrecked upon a desert island near the Island of Ascension, as far back as May of last year. Six of the crew were drowned. Nineteen succeeded in gaining the shore. There they died, one by one, until only three were left. These were not rescued from their captivity until they had been on the desert island a whole year. The *Panama Star and Herald* of the 6th July gives the following particulars of this occurrence:—

"Among the passengers from Callao, in the Chile, is Captain George Dalgarne, late of the British ship *Invercraig*, which sailed from London on the 10th of January, 1864, bound to Melbourne, Australia. After a fine passage of eighty-five days to Melbourne, where he remained a month, she sailed thence for Callao, in ballast, on the 2nd day of May, 1864; and on the night of the 10th of the same month, during a severe gale from the northward with thick weather, she struck on the north-west end of the Island of Ascension, and went to pieces in less than half an hour. Out of a crew of twenty-five, nineteen, including the captain and officers, succeeded in getting on shore, or rather were providentially washed on shore, the surf being so heavy that the exertions of the most powerful swimmer would have proved unequal to the task. Not one of the survivors succeeded in saving anything but what he had on, and not one had a pair of boots. Returning to the wreck the following morning, all that could be obtained was some 2 lbs. of biscuit, and about an equal quantity of salt pork. Fortunately there was a plentiful supply of good water on the island, to which Captain Dalgarne assures us he owes his life, as also the lives of his brothers in misfortune, as nothing in the shape of subsistence but roots and a species of limpet (shell fish) could be found on the island. The captain could not eat the roots for the first month, and as the 'limpets' were not found until he had been on the island for upwards of six weeks, the water, which certainly must have possessed peculiarly nutritive properties, was the only thing that supported him. After remaining on the island twelve months and ten days, during which time all but the captain, chief mate, Andrew Smith, and one seaman, Robert Holding, died from starvation and cold, they were rescued from their perilous situation by the Peruvian ship *Julian*, bound from Macao to Callao with Chinese emigrants, which ship having sprung a leak sent a boat on shore to ascertain if they could obtain assistance. There being no inhabitants on the island but the three above named unfortunate who were taken on board, the *Julian* proceeded on her voyage, keeping the pumps going all the time, and arrived at Callao on the 27th June, the day before the Chile sailed. Captain Dalgarne and his two companions speak in the highest terms of the treatment they received from Captain G. Arrabari and officers of the *Julian*, and beg publicly to return them their most grateful thanks. Mr. Andrew Smith, chief mate, and Robert Holding, seaman, remain at

AUG. 5, 1865.]

## Varieties.

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DEATH knocks alike at the palace door of the great, and the hovel of the destitute; makes no service to his laws the most towering mind, as well as the weak and impotent—the aged and the young.

LITERATURE has her quirks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volatility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

DONE!—Mrs. Candie, jux., offered to bet her husband five pounds she would not speak a word for a week. "Done!" cried the delighted husband, instantly putting down the money, which the lady at once took up and put in her pocket, observing naively that she would secure it until the bet was decided. "Why," said her husband, "I have won it already," and required her to refund it. "Not at all," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time; I mean the week after I am buried."

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mountains. It crops out everywhere in your  
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DAGMAR AND THE LADIES OF RUSSIA.—The  
writing letter has just been addressed by the Princess  
Empress of Russia, in acknowledging a present to  
the ladies of St. Petersburg and Moscow.—" Bern-  
865.—Madam.—Only a few weeks back my prayers  
were joined with those from so many Russian  
preservation of the life of the Grand Duke, heir of  
beloved affianced husband. It has pleased Divine  
decide otherwise, and to snatch from our affection him  
we have been the source of our happiness. By the gracious  
of my Majesty that general feeling of profound grief  
expressed to me on the part of the ladies of St.  
and Moscow, by the precious gifts of crosses and a Bible.  
Majesty's maternal heart that I venture to confide the  
soul of a deeply-felt gratitude which takes its origin  
of grief shared by so many, and which will never  
This Holy Bible and sacred cross will always remind  
is, which country has become so dear to me, seeks her  
and resignation the cross which heaven imposes  
those ladies accept my affectionate thanks for the  
consolation which they have kindly offered me. I pray  
my prayers for the Emperor, for yourself, madam,  
Believe me to be most faithful and devoted to  
Majesty.—DAGMAR."

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the lady as soon took up and put in her pocket,  
observing naively that she would secure it until  
the bet was decided. "Why?" said her husband,  
"I have won it already," and required her to re-  
fund it. "Not at all," said the lady, "you are  
mistaken in the time; I mean the week after I am  
buried."

ECONOMY IN CANDLES.—If you are without a  
rushlight, and would burn a candle all night,  
unless you use the following prescription, it is ten  
to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an  
hour or two, sometimes to the endangering of the  
house. This may be avoided by placing as much  
common salt finely powdered, as will reach from  
the tallow to the bottom of the block part of the  
wick of a partly-burned candle, when, if the same  
be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient  
light for a bedchamber; the salt will gradually  
sink as the tallow is consumed; the melted tallow  
being drawn through the salt, and consumed in  
the wick.

WRECK OF AN ENGLISH VESSEL ON  
A DESERT ISLAND.

AMONG the passengers by the West Indian mail  
steamer *Chancay*, which arrived at Southampton,  
was Captain Dalgarro, of the British ship *Inverness*.  
This vessel had not been heard of for  
more than twelve months. We now learn that  
she was wrecked upon a desert island near the  
Island of Auckland, as far back as May of last  
year. Six of the crew were drowned. Nineteen  
succeeded in gaining the shore. There they died,  
one by one, until only three were left. These  
were not rescued from their captivity until they  
had been on the desert island a whole year. The  
*Panama Star* and *Scorpio* of the 6th July gives  
the following particulars of this occurrence:—

"Among the passengers from Callao, by the  
Chile, is Captain George Dalgarro, late of the  
British ship *Inverness*, which sailed from London  
on the 10th of January, 1864, bound to Mel-  
bourne, Australia. After a fine passage of eighty-  
five days to Melbourne, where she remained a  
month, she sailed thence for Callao, in ballast,  
on the 2nd day of May, 1864; and on the night  
of the 10th of the same month, during a severe  
gale from the north-west with thick weather, she  
struck on the north-west end of the Island of  
Auckland, and went to pieces in less than half an  
hour. Out of a crew of twenty-five, nineteen,  
including the captain and officers, succeeded in  
getting on shore, or rather were providentially  
washed on shore, the surf being so heavy that  
the exertions of the most powerful swimmer  
would have proved unequal to the task. Not  
one of the survivors succeeded in saving any-  
thing but what he had on, and not one had  
a pair of boots. Returning to the wreck the  
following morning, all that could be obtained  
was some 2lbs. of biscuit, and about an equal  
quantity of salt pork. Fortunately there was a  
plentiful supply of good water on the island,  
to which Captain Dalgarro assures us he owes  
his life, as also the lives of his brothers in mis-  
fortune, as nothing in the shape of subsistence  
but roots and a species of limpet (shell fish)  
could be found on the island. The captain  
could not eat the roots for the first month, and  
as the 'limpets' were not found until he had  
been on the island for upwards of six weeks, the  
water, which certainly must have possessed pecu-  
liar nutritive properties, was the only thing  
that supported him. After remaining on the  
island twelve months and ten days, during which  
time all but the captain, chief mate, Andrew  
Smith, and one seaman, Robert Holding, died  
from starvation and cold, they were rescued  
from their perilous situation by the Peruvian  
ship Julian, bound from Macao to Callao with  
Chinese emigrants, which ship having sprung a  
leak sent a boat on shore to ascertain if they  
could obtain assistance. There being no inhab-  
itants on the island but the three above named  
unfortunate who were taken on board, the Julian  
proceeded on her voyage, keeping the pumps  
going all the time, and arrived at Callao on the  
27th June, the day before the Chile sailed. Cap-  
tain Dalgarro and his two companions speak in  
the highest terms of the treatment they received  
from Captain G. Arrabari and officers of the  
Julian, and beg publicly to return them their  
most grateful thanks. Mr. Andrew Smith, chief  
mate, and Robert Holding, seaman, remain at

Callao, and Captain Dalgarro is now on his way  
to England to report his misfortune and pro-  
vidential rescue to his owners, Messrs. Richard  
Gowen and Co., of Aberdeen, and to gladden  
the hearts of those relatives and friends who must  
have long since supposed him dead, as nothing  
after the day the *Inverness* sailed from Mel-  
bourne had ever been heard of her until the  
arrival of Captain Dalgarro in Callao, just four-  
teen months. Few more providential escapes  
from a fearful death have ever come under our  
notice; and although it is the first accident that  
has ever occurred to Captain Dalgarro during  
his twenty-seven years' experience at sea, we  
heartily trust that it will also be the last, and we  
sincerely wish him God speed.

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will outwear two pairs without tips. Sold wholesale  
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